

THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS — ARE THEY USEFUL?

That the Sunday-school has had the effect in great measure, to cause parents to neglect giving personal attention to the religious instruction of their children, will not be denied. That their little ones have immortal souls ; that God has placed the training of these souls as a responsibility upon them, is, no doubt, admitted. But the many injunctions of Scripture on this topic, parents regard as fulfilled when they send their children to the Sunday-school.

The rubic at the end of the Church Catechism makes it a duty imperative upon the clergy "openly in the church to instruct and examine" the children in the Catechism. Practically, the clergy consider the duty discharged not by complying with the letter of the rubric, but by supplying an equivalent—employing teachers to hear the lessons in the Catechism. There are unfortunately some parishes where even this is not done—some clergymen with their ordination vows upon them, who do not even require the Catechism to be learned by the children of their flocks. But while almost everywhere the letter of the rubic is disregarded, its spirit and intent is fulfilled in the provision made through the Sunday-school.

But again, the plan and theory of the Church with regard to the young, is that upon the baptism of each child a solemn promise is made, a solemn pledge is given and received that the child shall be so brought up as to the things it is to believe and learn, and as to the pious duties it is

to discharge, that at a proper age it shall be qualified to assume for itself, understandingly and in all sincerity of purpose, the solemn vows made before God at baptism. It is a gross slander upon the Church to say that all she requires of children in order to Confirmation, is to repeat the Church Catechism. Nothing can be more explicit as to the qualifications demanded in *heart* as well as in understanding, than the words of the baptismal vows. Then in the charge to sponsors, after specifying instruction in "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and *all other things* which a Christian ought to believe and know to his soul's health," they are required to take care "that *this child* may be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life ; remembering always, that baptism doth represent unto us our profession ; which is, to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him ; that, as He died, and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness ; continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

Before Sunday-schools as we now have them were thought of, the Church had thus marked out a plan and devised a system of religious instruction for the young, and had taken a solemn vow and pledge of both pastor and parents that this plan and system should be carried out.

From a Churchman's standpoint, then, the utility of Sunday-schools depends upon their efficiency as aids in carrying out the thought of the Church in promoting the piety of the child and its instruction in those *principles* of religion set forth in the Catechism. In other words the Church expects that each child brought to baptism, will be religiously instructed and piously brought up. It makes pastor, parent, and sponsor promise that so far as in them lies this shall be done. With these qualifications, but *not without them*, the youth is to be brought to Confirmation. Even the child that is devout and pious is not to be confirmed until it can "say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and is *sufficiently instructed* in the other parts of the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose." The youth who can do this is not to be presented for confirmation unless he is "virtuously brought up to lead a godly and Christian life."

Now the whole worth of a Sunday-school depends upon the aid it gives to pastor and people in securing this result. It is because in many cases Sunday-schools are, and it is believed that in all cases they may be, thus effective, that they are permitted and encouraged.

As to instruction, there is no difficulty whatever in having the Catechism thoroughly learned. Let it form one of the lessons in every class, and on no account to be omitted, even though it be but a few lines, to be repeated every Sunday. The exercise can be made by a little judicious management on the part of the teacher, both spirited and agreeable. In addition to this, let the superintendent or rector make a portion of the Catechism a part of the general exercise on Sunday. A very brief portion

repeated in concert by the whole school, every Sunday, would be sufficient. So much for the *words* of the Catechism. But of course no conscientious teacher will be satisfied with this. The child should understand it. In this department of instruction the teacher will find many and excellent helps in well known and easily procured question books. But neither pastor nor teacher is limited to the Catechism. The intention of the Church would seem to be that this is the *least* that will be required. You must teach the child "all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health," the minimum being the Catechism.

We live in a time when the tendency is to lift the Sunday-school out of its modest and proper position as a pastor's aid in his parish, to the dignity of an "Institution," where children are brought "forward," and certain "workers" obtain notoriety. An unnecessary amount of apparatus is called for. It is well that there should be interest in the cause; that we should have our Sunday-school Conventions, our uniform series, our teachers' guides and helps—anything to make the Sunday-school efficient. But there has been so much of parade and apparatus, that we notice the symptoms of a reaction which may prove damaging to the cause. On all sides there is a disposition to criticise and call in question the utility of a vast amount of the Sunday-school machinery and appliances. We are not surprised. Let any one become acquainted with what those appliances are, as witnessed in the systems of some of the denominational and "union" Sunday-schools, and he will not wonder that they are severely criticised. And, as is natural, the whole Sunday-school cause is, in a measure, brought into disrepute. But

faultfinders stultify themselves when they limit the province of the Sunday-school to the one subject of the formation and development of character. They ask, What has half the Catechism to do with developing the character of the child? What has the story of the Tower of Babel to do with it? What good do you suppose is to be accomplished, morally, by instructing the child in the theological dogmas of the Church? The answer is precisely what an intelligent public-school teacher would give, were similar questions asked with regard to the *direct* bearing of many things taught in common schools.

The Bible is the Word of God. "All Scripture is profitable for instruction." But it does not by any means follow that children in Sunday-school are required to commit genealogical tables and sundry other matters to memory. But beginning with the essentials of the faith, and taking up the spiritual and moral lessons, according to the time and the facilities of the instructor, and the capacity of the child: the facts of Scripture, the authorship of the various Books, geography, chronology, &c.—in fact, all that pertains to the Bible—are legitimate subjects of Sunday-school and Bible-class instruction. It is simply disgraceful that, for example, young persons are admitted to Confirmation and Communion who can give you the names of the principal writers of history and of fiction, talk fluently about novels and plays, authors and actors, and yet cannot tell who wrote the Epistle to the Galatians, and who suppose that the "Passover" was the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. Sunday-schools are designed for the religious instruction of children. Commonsense would dictate that the rudiments should occupy the first

place; then the more important doctrines and facts of Scripture; and beyond these, according to opportunity and capacity, whatever goes to make an intelligent Christian.

Whatever the disadvantages of Sunday-schools, they have proved their value in many ways. We could not well dispense with them, if we would. If they are not effective and efficient aids to the pastor, it is not because they cannot be made such.

We regard it as a stretch of ecclesiasticism to hold it unlawful to make use of lay help in the religious instruction of the young. True, in the unfitness of teachers lies the chief objection to the Sunday-school. But a general in command of an army of raw troops, if educated and disciplined subordinate officers could not be found, would be most unwise if he did not proceed at once to mould to his use the material that he has. In a Bible-class, or a class for religious instruction, teachers could be so trained by the rector as to be made not only competent instructors, but an efficient corps of assistants in other respects.

To illustrate: Let the rector meet his teachers for an hour or two once in the week; let him fix upon some one lesson for all those classes in which the children are of sufficient age to learn it—take, for example, the lesson designated by the Committee on the Uniform Series; let him go over it with them. The "guides" or "helps" can be enlarged upon, and instead of catechizing the teachers, let them ask him questions. It will be found that the instruction of each meeting will branch out into topics near and remote; and while the teachers are thus storing their minds with information, and fitting themselves to interest and instruct their classes on the following Sunday, the

whole compass of Christian doctrine and practice will in time be gone over, and the rector will find himself surrounded by a band of intelligent teachers.

We know of one church where the rector, who thus statedly meets his teachers, also instructs them in the little matters of propriety in the house of God and His worship; how to observe the rubrics, &c. And their demeanor in the church instructs by its example the rest of the congregation.

It will thus appear, we trust, that

while nothing can render any human system entirely free from defect, yet Sunday-schools may, by proper effort, become valuable aids to the pastor in carrying out the Church's idea and plan of Christian nurture. It will follow, we think, that when the range of instruction is extended so as to require the formation of adult classes, the heads of families even could thus become interested to such an extent as to recognize more fully their own personal responsibility in the religious training of their children.

REFORM OF CONVOCATION.

The reform of Convocation is now a topic of interest before the English Church and Parliament. Our readers will see frequent allusions to the subject in the papers, and will perhaps on this account be glad to know what the English Convocation is, and in what particulars reform is sought. To understand the subject, it will be necessary to group together a few facts of history.

Stated assemblies of Bishops and their clergy in their respective Provinces, corresponding to our Diocesan Conventions, prevailed in the earliest days of the Church in Britain, as did also provincial councils, or united assemblies of the Bishops and clergy of the same province, and under one Archbishop. But in process of time, as the clergy were the best educated class, their aid was needed in Parliament, where they sat and deliberated on the affairs of the realm with the laity. By endowments of lands and other possessions, the Church in time became rich, and it was deemed but just that it should bear its portion of the expenses of the government. It was called upon particularly to aid in expeditions and in building castles

and bridges. These requirements necessitated assemblies of the clergy, which were called Convocations.

But William the Conqueror erected some of the clerical tenures into baronies, which must either send persons to the wars, or pay exemption money. Those not holding baronies were prevailed upon to grant a subsidy to the King, which was voted at a meeting of the clergy of each diocese 'convoked' by the Bishop. But taxes depending upon the good will of the clergy, were an insecure source of revenue. The King, therefore, proposed to make the Convocation something like a third house of parliament, convenable at his pleasure. But the clergy objected that a spiritual body could not meet under temporal authority. A quarrel then ensued, the clergy threatening the King with excommunication, and the Parliament seizing upon the clerical possessions. The difficulty was settled in this manner: The King summoned the Archbishops (which he had the right to do, they being barons) to call the Convocation. The clergy of course then met under spiritual authority. They composed two syn-

ods, of York and of Canterbury, under their respective Archbishops. They now became an ecclesiastical parliament to make laws and to tax the possessions of the Church. They were sometimes consulted, indeed, by the secular Parliament, on spiritual matters, but were always obliged to submit to its enactments.

Under Henry VIII. the Convocation was expressly prohibited from assembling to make any canons, constitutions, ordinances, &c., without the consent of the King. As the matter of taxing was the ground of convocations, so when in 1664, an arrangement was made by which clerical taxes were assessed and collected in the same manner as others, convocations became unnecessary to the Crown, and inconsiderable in themselves.

From that time forward the Convocation has passed no synodical act. From time to time it has held meetings merely *pro forma*, and in 1684, under William and Mary, it was summoned, but nothing was done at the session. But since the year 1700 it has met at the same time with the Parliament, and continued until the dissolution of that body. Its acts, however, have no binding, but only an advisory force. "And now it seems to be conceded that they are of right to be assembled concurrently with Parliament, and may act and proceed as provincial councils, *when her Majesty, in her royal wisdom, shall judge it expedient.*"

The reform now so eagerly sought, is that the two Synods of York and Canterbury be united so as to form one Convocation, that the laity be admitted as members, and that it be empowered to legislate for the Church, very much after the manner of the General Convention of the Church in the United States. As it

is, the Church of England has no legislative power. The Parliament, a secular body, acts in this capacity. The objection to this will at once be apparent to an American mind. It would not be submitted to in this country.

The contemplated reform is opposed by the ultra-conservatives, and by those who fear that it will help on the cause of disestablishment. Perhaps the following extract from the late diocesan address of the Bishop of Gloucester, may be regarded as a summary of the objections to the proposed reform :

"Let us lay down to ourselves two plain rules : first, to discourage by all means in our power the efforts of those of our advisers who would readjust our present relations of Church and State, or would attempt to invest Convocation with powers and duties which this realm will never concede to it. As a deliberative body, Convocation has its distinct uses, and may do a great work in the future by gradually forming, through its reports and discussions, an accumulating fund of sound Church opinion which will be found of incalculable value whenever any real strain comes upon existing relations. To attempt to make Convocation a semi-legislative body, is to invite an action against it of which the aim would be either the suspension of its sittings, or the expansion of it, by the introduction of the laity, into the first rough casting of what might be in the future a very fair governing body for a non-Established Church. Secondly, let us unite in resisting every effort to tamper with the Book of Common Prayer. Convocation has lately done us this great good service, that it has shown us how very little, in the judgment of sober persons, really requires change. For the sake of the possible amendment of this little to bring the venerable Book before Parliament and the country, and thus to court the certain erasure of the Ornaments Rubric and the exile of the Athanasian Creed, would be ourselves to bring about that which no extraneous hostility would ever be able to effect—the splitting up of the English Church. Much more might be said on this subject ; but this is the sum and the substance."

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE INVISIBLE CHURCH.

I was at no loss for a theme for the first evening's conversation; but I was at a loss to know how to introduce it; for I had determined to avoid anything like a formal lecture. I was anxious indeed to talk to my people, but I was not less desirous to have them talk with me. The difficulty, however, soon vanished in an unexpected way.

Seven o'clock had arrived, and my Bible class room was well filled. Just as I was stepping to the door I was interrupted by a message from one of my invalid parishioners, who had sent for a book which I had promised to loan. There was an entry-way leading from the study to the class room. I stepped into the former, leaving the door ajar, and while searching for the book I desired, I heard through the half open door quite an animated conversation.

Mr. Stiles, a warm hearted and excellent man, whose views, however, were less in accord with the Church than with some of the surrounding denominations, was discussing the meaning of the word church with Mr. White, the gentleman mentioned in my last, whose words had suggested to me the project of these conversations. There was my theme introduced for me. I soon dismissed my messenger and entered the class room.

After devotional exercises I turned to Mr. White and asked him what was the subject I overheard them discussing before I entered. It appeared that as usual one had taken the ground that while any society of Christian people might be called a church, yet the true Church, the real Church, the Church of Christ, consisted of all truly pious people. The other stoutly maintained that as there could be and actually were bad

Church members, so Mr. Stiles' view could not be correct. Mr. White soon found that he had a number of supporters in the room, and Mr. Stiles was not without his backers. I occasionally put in a word myself, but only with a view to call out more questions and conjectures. In a very short time the meeting was in the very condition I desired. All seemed thoroughly interested, and there was just perplexity enough to render an umpire desirable.

'I think, Mr. Stiles,' said I at length, taking up a tract which was lying on the table before me and opening it, 'if I understand you, your views are such as are expressed here, where it is said that the true or invisible Church is dependent upon no ministers on earth. The life of its members does not depend upon Church membership and Baptism and the Lord's Supper, although they highly value these things when they are to be had. Once let a man repent and believe the Gospel, and that moment he becomes a member of this Church; and much more in a like strain.'

'Precisely,' said Mr. Stiles. 'These are the views I was trying to express.'

'Of course,' said Mrs. West, a lady who had been brought up among the Baptists, but who after her marriage had become connected with the Church, 'of course we sometimes for convenience sake, use the word differently. The Scripture speaks of the Church in Caesar's house. But I suppose that the true Church is invisible; it does not depend upon anything outward. It is the same the Apostle speaks of when he says "The Church of the First Born, whose names are written in heaven."'

After some further interchange of views, said Mr. White, 'I think our good rector will find it no easy task

to bring those of us who are here to think alike on this subject.'

'Not so difficult as you suppose,' I replied, 'for I have been listening attentively. I am very sure we shall all agree upon one point. There is unquestionably a vast multitude whom no man can number, who have departed hence in the Lord, and now they are at rest, saved by the blood of the Lamb. It will not be denied that there is a like multitude now living upon earth, who when they depart hence will also be saved. They are pious and faithful ones now. We may call them true and accepted servants of Christ. Now we can conceive of all these as one body, and call the assembly a church—the Church of the First Born—the *invisible Church*.

'That term is used by the best writers. Jeremy Taylor uses it. Pearson in his treatise on the Creed, uses it. And even Dr. Newman in his sermons preached before he joined the Church of Rome, uses it.'

'But, Rector,' said Mr. White, 'I was under the impression from your sermons and your instructions to the Bible-class and the Sunday-school children, that the Church was a corporation, with officers and laws, and a mode of initiation, in other words a *visible society*.'

'You were correct,' said I. 'But before we examine that, let us first understand what is meant by the *invisible Church*.

'We may regard it as consisting of the saved, or those who are to be saved. This may include some who never heard of the Gospel; but we will not take them into account now. Let us think of those members of the *invisible Church* who live within the sound of the Gospel, within the reach of the means of grace.'

'Now, Mrs. West,' said I, turning to the lady who had spoken so warmly on this subject, 'let us see if we understand each other. All who are members of this *invisible Church* have faith in Christ, repent of their sins, and live lives of obedience to the Divine requirements.'

'Certainly,' replied the lady.

'Any person who refuses obedience, or neglects to fulfil a requirement which it is in his power to do, such a person is not—and while continuing thus to live, cannot be—a member of the *invisible Church*, or Church of the saved.'

To this proposition the lady assented without any hesitation.

'And now another question,' I resumed. 'Is it not a Divine command that every person should be baptized? Is it not a Divine command that every person should come to the Holy Communion?'

This, of course no one attempted to dispute.

'Then,' said I, 'he who neglects both or either of these, is living in actual disobedience to the law of God, and of course cannot be a member of the *invisible Church*. I am correct, am I not?'

I paused awhile, not so much for a reply as for the purpose of giving an opportunity to consider thoroughly the proposition.

At length Mr. Stiles said—

'Of course there is no denying that; but then there are other things of more importance; and without actual holiness of life, baptism and the Lord's Supper will be of no benefit.'

'The question of the relative importance of God's requirements, is not before us now,' I said. 'Here is a distinct command, and my position is that he who neglects a known requirement of God, is not living in obedience to Him, is not living in actual

holiness of life, and consequently is not a member of the invisible Church.'

'But,' I continued, 'when a person is baptized he becomes a member of the outward and visible Church. Coming to the Holy Communion, implies membership with the outward and visible Church. So then, leaving out of view persons dying in infancy, or heathen or pagans who never heard of, and who therefore never rejected the Saviour, or any persons who are left to the uncovenanted mercies of God, and whose case we are not now taking into account,—leaving these out of consideration, and confining our attention exclusively to those who have the means of knowing their duty, we may lay it down as proved that no person is a member of the *invisible* Church except those who belong to the *visible* Church. For all who neglect the Sacrament which initiates them to the visible Church, live in disobedience to God's law; and of course while so living cannot be in a state of acceptance with Him. In the words of Jeremy Taylor, the invisible Church is "*the invisible part of the visible Church*".

'Now,' said I, 'here is a point I wish you to keep clearly in mind, for you will find some very zealous people who frequently ply such sayings as that "if a person only belongs to the invisible Church, no matter whether he belongs to the visible or not." "Many who never joined the visible Church at all are accepted in God's sight, for they belong to His invisible Church." When you hear a person talking in this way, pin him down to these questions: "Can a person be acceptable in God's sight who refuses to obey any one of God's requirements?" "Are Baptism and the Lord's Supper divine requirements?" They will no doubt turn and say that many persons have been and will be

saved without these. But that is not to the point. God can excuse from His requirements whom He will. But that does not give *us* the liberty to *excuse ourselves*. For you and for me, for all who live within the means of grace, wilful neglect of those means is disobedience to the Divine command, and consequently excludes us from the invisible Church.'

Perfectly simple, and I might almost say self-evident, as was all this, and often as I had taught it before, it seemed to strike many of my listeners as entirely new. They probably knew it before, but they had never put this and that together. They understood and believed the premises, but they had not drawn the conclusion.

I had every reason to feel satisfied with my first evening's experiment. I was sure that I had made clear one point, and I had excited sufficient curiosity to warrant me in expecting attentive listeners for my next 'seance,' the subject of which I announced would be the Visible Church.

[From The Independent.]

COMFORT.

BY ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

One autumn eve, before the mellow day
Had met the night and faded thence away,
And in the western sky there lingered still
Soft tints of purple, gold, and daffodil,
And while the mountain-peak was tipped with
light,
Once more, ere shadows stole it from my sight,
I strolled in a sequestered burial-ground,
And on a crumbling tablet there I found
This quaint inscription, marking all alone
A little grave with weeds and grass o'ergrown:
"Who plucked that flower?" the angry gardener cried.
'The Master,' hastily his mate replied.
Thereat the gardener paused and held his
peace."
Ah! you, who from your sorrow seek release,
And you, whose hearts with grief are crushed
to-day
Because your darling God has called away,
Are not the angels whispering unto you
These simple words—"It was the Master, too"?
New York city.

Nature has perfections in order to show that she is the image of God, and defects in order to show that she is only His image.—*Pascal*.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EARTHWARD.



UR yard is but a dreary spot
That never sees the sun,
And clear or cloudy sky to it
Are all the same as one.

I mourned that never sunlight fell
Within its trifling space,
And high brick walls a shadow cast
Across the dismal place,

While every day the starving grass
It seemed more sickly grew,
Beneath my daily downward glance
That scorned the thwarted view.

For every day the same high wall
Rose grimly on my sight;

No buttress broke the unvarying blank—
No transverse line the height.

Till recently I chanced to cast
My roving eye still higher,
And lo! a little strip of blue—
A cross upon a spire!

And now I never murmur more
About my dreary view,
But watch the sunshine gild the cross
Far up against the blue.

And never more do I complain
How little I can see—

Jan. 10, 1880.

So many sweet and cheering thoughts
That cross suggests to me.

Thus often we in wayward grief
Lament with downcast eyes
Our darkened earth; and all because
We will not see the skies.

C. P. V. W.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE MILLENNIUM.

An old-fashioned Churchman like myself is often surprised at seeing or hearing opinions maintained in the Church, which contradict what he had supposed to be, if not first principles, at least well-established and agreed-upon truths. Instances of this are the modern discussions regarding future punishment, the recent controversy respecting the Christian Tenth, and a subject on which, with your permission, I would like to say a few words—the question of a Millennium preceding the final judgment.

I supposed that the arguments of Bishop Wordsworth, in his Lectures on the Apocalypse, had so set at rest the idea of a Millennium before the Judgment, that it would scarcely be heard of again in our day. But there is so constant an infiltration into our Communion of the ideas of the denominations around us; and also so large an element of so-called free and independent speculation, that you never can be assured against the reappearance in it of almost any religious doctrine that has ever been held by man. I judge some of the readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY may be puzzled by theories they hear advanced inside or outside the Church, and may be interested in an effort (what used to be called an essay) to show what the true doctrine on the subject is.

The question, of course, is connected with the doctrine of Christ's Second Advent. Church people ought

not to accept the doctrine of a Millennium before the judgment, if it is so stated as to imply that Christ is to have two future Advents—one to raise the righteous from their graves and introduce the Millennium; another to consummate the general resurrection and judgment. In one prediction of the resurrection of the righteous, it is expressly stated that they shall be "caught up" "to meet the Lord in the air." So that, if the resurrection of the righteous and the "first resurrection" of Revelation xx. are the same thing, we not only have two corporeal resurrections a thousand years apart, but two Second Comings of Christ, separated by a like interval. This consequence is avoided by the interpretation of Revelation xx., adopted by Bishop Wordsworth, which makes the "first resurrection" spiritual—a Regeneration of souls, not a Resurrection of bodies—and interprets the "thousand years" as denoting the time of the Christian Dispensation.

I think that those who believe in a Millennium before the judgment, generally believe in a pre-millennial advent of Christ. But Church people are bound to that Article of the Apostle's Creed: "From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead." This implies, first, that Christ will remain in heaven until the final judgment; and second, that when He comes, it will be not to introduce a temporary state, but to accomplish an eternal severance of the righteous

and the wicked. But, if there are to be two corporeal resurrections, neither of them can dispense, according to the Scriptures, with the corporeal presence of Christ.

Bishop Wordsworth urges, with convincing force, that not only is our Lord to remain in heaven till the final judgment, but also the present mixed state of things is to continue until that event. The wheat and the tares are to grow together till the Judgment. The good and the bad fish are not to be sorted until then. The sheep and the goats will not be parted until "the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory." The final resurrection will also be an universal one. "All that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

The Resurrection of Christ, and our spiritual resurrection, are spoken of as Resurrection *from* the dead (see Ephesians v. 14). But the General Resurrection, even the corporeal Resurrection of the Righteous, is always Resurrection of the dead.

I have seen it urged against the spiritual interpretation of Revelation xx., that it cannot be held that Satan has been bound during the present dispensation. But our Lord expressly asserts that one who made such conquests from Satan as He and His kingdom made, must first have bound "the strong man," before he could "spoil his house." And the loosing of Satan at the end of the "thousand years" corresponds perfectly with the prediction of the final "falling away," the Revelation of Antichrist just before the Second Coming of Christ, and His own significant question "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find Faith on the earth?"

One great reason for the popularity of the common Millennium doctrine has been an excessive spiritualizing of Christians' ideas about the eternal kingdom. Christians have forgotten that they will have bodies in the kingdom of heaven. They have failed to learn that souls without bodies don't go to heaven, but to hades, to await the Resurrection. They have seen that the Scriptures predict a reign of righteousness and peace on the earth, such as earth has never seen as yet; and their abnormally spiritualized ideas don't permit them to see how such predictions can be fulfilled in the "new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Many fail to see that the new Jerusalem of the Apocalypse comes "down from God out of heaven," and points to a time when a regenerated earth shall be part of the perfected kingdom of God. All predictions, then, of righteousness and peace, of grace and glory, which are not fulfilled in the kingdom of God on earth, await their fulfilment in that kingdom which we pray may come, which will come when Christ comes, the kingdom of God on earth and in heaven. Those who are longing for a Millennium to put an end to strifes and controversies, to divisions among brethren, to unbelief and misbelief, to iniquity abounding and love waxing cold, might as well fix their thoughts and hopes, as the first Christians did, on the return of Christ, to "make all things new," on the Second Coming of the Lord—"That *one* far-off, divine event, toward which the whole creation moves." "Far-off" the poet calls it; but "surely I come quickly" to the waiting heart, speaks the gracious Lord.

The prophecies concerning Israel are perhaps the most difficult to fit

into what I consider the catholic scheme. "Blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." The Gospel has not yet had its complete extension. "The Fulness of the Gentiles" is not yet "come in." Only part of Israel has believed. Must we wait till Christ's coming for the time when *they* shall "look on Him whom they pierced," "and so all Israel shall be saved"? Will the Restoration of Israel be in this dispensation? Or will Israel, the Christian part, the true Israel, have special place and privileges in the new heavens and new earth?

However this may be, the interpretation of prophecy on the whole is made both simpler and grander by looking forward to only one Second Coming of Christ. That which Millenarians expect temporarily in a Millennium, those of the Catholic School of Interpretation expect eternally in the promised and coming kingdom. I think I would be willing

to stake the whole question of the two interpretations on the impression produced upon a candid mind by hearing the advocates of each explain our Lord's parables and prophecies relating to His Second Advent. The Millenarian interpretation, even in Steer's Commentary, much more in Bickersteth's Poem, is complicated, fantastic, is like the articulation of dislocated joints. Throw out the false hypothesis, and it is like bringing a luxated joint to its place. The parts fit, and join together, and the whole scheme *works* with that naturalness and life-fulness which are almost an absolute test of truth.

I know that I have handled the matter very superficially, but I may have given a hint to some reader, or indicated a line of thought, or pointed to an authority like Wordsworth, where a full discussion may be found, to an extent sufficient to pay for the printing of these hasty lines.

I remain yours faithfully,

JOSEPH M. CLARKE.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

IN THE COUNTRY.



PRING is slowly, stealthily stealing in upon us. The March winds are blowing it towards us, and the blue-birds carry the message. The song sparrows pipe the joyful words from the still bare branches, and each little green blade of grass, as it starts up above the earth on the brown, barren hills, tells the same story.

The hills have already the faintest tinge of green, just a suspicion of the verdure one will see on them next month. All Winter long they have been like high marble walls surrounding the village, so pure and white were they, with their Winter's covering of snow, and now,

"Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated."

There is a joyful forewarning of Spring in the red buds which are beginning to show themselves on the cherry-trees. The privet-hedges have grown flame-colored at the top. Everything tells the good news.

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,

The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter."

So says a beloved English poet in his lines "written in March," and the very metre of his song shows the glad spirit in which it was written. There is a light gaiety in it which only comes when the dead old earth gives promise of returning to life again.

The woods are still gray and bleak when one looks at them from a distance, but on entering one finds that even here there is now and then some sign of life. Here and there the pinkish green leaves of the liverwort stand proudly up on their hairy stems, in delicate contrast to the sombre colors around them. Down towards the roots one finds the flower-buds already springing up. They are not to be daunted by the chill, dreary aspect of their surroundings. They are not even going to wait for their fresh leaves to come up and keep them company; they will come themselves, feeling rather more sure of protection, perhaps because the old, reddish leaves have already weathered the Winter through. Poor old things. It will not be long before the delicate blue blossoms will shoot up to cheer them. They have been lonely in this lonely place so long.

Here from under the brown carpet of last year's dead leaves, delicate ferns are starting up, making just a spot of brightest sap-green. There are little mounds of bright moss, and down in the ravine below the pleasant sound of a brook babbling over stones is heard. But after all, the woods in March are somewhat dreary, and loitering is not a legitimate pastime at this season, however much of pleasure one may find in it, for there is a touch of Winter still in the air.

It is this very touch of Winter, these very rude, bluff ways, which March will sometimes show, which

leads so many to fancy that these days must be very gloomy ones in the country.

"Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

"For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

"And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May."

The blue of May is in the sky to-day, though flecked with clouds of gray and white; but the brightest spot in the whole landscape is the brilliant azure of the bluebird's feathers, as he flashes his wings in the sunlight, while fluttering about from tree to tree, expressing in each graceful movement how glad he is to have returned from his Winter jaunt to the very shrubs and trees with which he was familiar a year ago. Now he is perched on the very highest peak of the old, solitary pine-tree, which crowns the hill above, and is singing his few plaintive notes. There! he has disappeared among the branches. I have no doubt there is a nest in some convenient hole in the old tree, or at least there is one in the process of construction. Out again he flutters, and not alone this time, for his mate, in less gorgeous plumage, follows, and away they fly, over the brown meadows and the russet hills, away to a pond which lies still and silent in a deep hollow between the hills.

Where the water is, there the birds will always go. A pond, a fountain, or a brook, is an attraction which they cannot resist.

This pond is an odd, lonely sort of a place. To look at it from the top of one of the surrounding hills, it would seem as though one little spot

had been purposely scooped out and filled with water, just to furnish a bathing-place for the birds, not to break the monotony of the landscape, for it is so completely surrounded by hills, that unless on the top of some one of them, it is impossible to see it. Near its edge grows a willow, whose long, trailing, reed-like branches droop to the water below; and throw their skeleton shadows on its mirror-like surface.

There is silence here. The only sounds are one's own footfall, one's own breathing. The busy hum of insects has not yet come. Nature has only half awaked from her long sleep. There is a dreadful stillness in the air, a silence which is almost oppressive.

In the woods the bare branches clash in the gentle west winds, and the brook murmurs among the stones below. Over the hill lies the village, and the footsteps of the few who are out enjoying the Spring sunshine, the bark of the dog, the cackle of the hens, are all sounds of life; but here, just in this spot, not a whisper is heard. Even the wind seems to have lulled itself to sleep. Hush, hush!

"Silence again. The glorious symphony Hath need of pause and interval of peace. Some subtle signal bids all sweet sounds cease."

Even here the perfect quiet does not last forever, and the breeze which seemed to have died away for the moment, has sprung up again with renewed vigor. This is none other than the fierce north wind, who has taken the place of his brother Zephyrus. He all day long has been soothing the brown, still barren, and wintry-looking earth with the promise of coming Spring. Old Boreas has no such gentle notes. One who feels his fierce breath, as it sweeps unbroken over the fields, does not wonder at his poor success in courting the timid

nymph. It is not at all surprising that Orithyia did not wish to listen to his suit, uttered in so harsh a voice, even though he did try to subdue it for the occasion; and there is not a doubt that when he acted out his true character, and by force carried her away, that she was much better pleased than when he played poorly the part of his gentler brother.

The story of the courtship of the North Wind is, however, too familiar to be of great interest; but one cannot but think of it when one hears him whirling and roaring through the trees, resenting the promise of returning Spring as an encroachment on his rights, wrathfully, hoarsely protesting against it. Ah, it is he who ought to be blamed for all the rough, uncourteous ways which are always laid to the fault of the month. None of all the year's twelve children are more tender than she, none give so many promises, none fulfil them so well, and if sometimes she seems too boisterous, lay it to the fault of old Boreas, and do not blame the month. Wait, she will subdue his fierceness, though she may wearily wear her life away in the contest; and when the victory is over, hand her laurels to gentle, frivolous April; and she will wear them, receiving as her due all the praises that her sterner, wilder, braver sister should have had.

KATHARINE M. MARCH.

In one word, while the spirit of the world thinks of itself, and helps itself, charity, which is the spirit of God, thinks of other people, and helps other people. And now; to be always thinking of other people's feelings, and always caring for other people's comfort, what is it but the mark, and the only mark, of a true gentleman, and a true lady? There is none other, my friends, and there never will be.—*Rev. Chas. Kingsley.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

SPRING IN ROME.

I.

The first suggestions of Spring, the browns of the Pincio giving place to light greens, and the dark complexion of the borderways to perceptible variations of bloom, came with the Roman festival—the Carnival. This holiday word, with us has a meaning differing from the Roman signification. We associate it with balls and other gaieties that will yield large receipts for charities, especially charities for children. Not so the Roman; it is regarded simply as a season in which to lay up an excess of pleasure, the pay-money in advance, for the abstinences of Lent.

Traditionally there was a time when the ten days of the Roman Carnival was really a merry season; when its approach was announced by heralds who rode magnificent, gaily caparisoned chargers, and bore gorgeous banners curiously devised; when the Corso, swept and garnished, its palace walls hung with bright-colored tapestries, windows and cornices wreathed with garlands, and balconies filled with animated spectators, looked like an enchanted festive hall. Then Roman rank and beauty, duly masked, lent themselves to “the madder the merrier” spirit of the time, jested with cowls, laughed at dancing harlequins, and exchanged bright glances, bouquets, and billets-doux with the joy-riotous throng; and high dignitaries in Church and State, in sumptuous carriages, rolled through the streets, engaging in the fiercest combats of bonbons, and listening relishingly to the mirth-provoking plays of doctors, soothsayers, and shepherdesses.

We returned to Rome only on the last day of the Carnival, but we saw enough of its spirit to know that the festival of

the present keeps no truly merry nor brilliant traditional promises. Its inspirations, the native *sans-souci* of the Italian character, and the love of the intoxication of unrestrained revelry, have been lost in the rapid march of national progress. The people of the capital city regard themselves as no longer children, but are not quite ready to put away all childish things. When they have found substitutes therefor, their lost loves will be replaced by their betters, more intellectual amusements, and a love of work.

Having hastily domiciled ourselves in our old quarters, we descended to the Corso. We wandered leisurely through its entire length, meeting crowds of masked and muffled people, but no might-be delightful heroines, nor probable over-brave cavaliers, and received, but not quite philosophically, a share of the dense calcareous shower pouring down from the well-filled balconies. The scenic displays were certainly striking, but not picturesque, and the forms of jest were wholly unflavored with that light mockery and brilliant repartee, set down in our thoughts as especially carnivalesque. We should have done better to have followed the example of the Pope, and remained shut up in *our* palace. Occasionally there was a cry of “*La Principessa*,” but we looked in vain for a face that might by any possibility be that of the lovely Margaret.

With sunset the chalky rain of confetti ceased. Jovial students brought their varied exploits to a *finis*, and capering clowns cut short their tricks and jests. A Mephistopheles, clothed in the fiercest red, was unwittingly beguiled and led away by a ruddy, wine-pouring Ganymede, who was

much too stout and ugly to have been the one intended to succeed Hebe in Olympus. As the duskiness of the twilight deepened, carriages and palace walls seemed to have received from the over-full heavens a sudden sprinkling of stars; the effect was so beautiful that we forgot our complaining retrospective comparisons in an enchanted present delight. There was the increasing confusion of tongues, the thickening of the crowd, the added vigor in pushing and scrambling, which always precede the peroration of the Carnival, the *moccolo*; then suddenly windows blazed with light, fantastic transparencies, hung from all available projections, and tall pyramids of flaming gas-jets sprang up at street-corners and palace-gateways. The ceasing of all order in driving, is the usual signal for the final spectacle. The multiplication of sounds became more rapid, and the tumult more general. An immense illuminated car moved slowly through the throng, in the direction of the Porto del Popolo. From it went up in quick succession rockets, Roman candles, and other brilliant pyrotechnic projectiles, but their beautiful combinations of color were nearly lost in a dim glare above the house-tops, so limited was the range of the spectator's vision in consequence of the narrowness of the streets and the height of the buildings. Following and clinging to the moving magazine of fireworks, were certain seeming veritable imps, clad in intense flame-red, who leaped about in a gymnastic frenzy, and startled the crowd by throwing into its midst lighted torches and yards of what looked like blazing ribbons. Each of the masked had his little *moccolo*, and did his best to defend it. Now and then we encountered an enthusiastic and somewhat artistically dress-

ed carnivaller, who held aloft a whole bouquet of burning tapers, which he found difficult to protect, as it was exposed to assaults from windows and balconies. When the cries of "*Senza moccolo*" and "*Sia ammazzato chi non porta moccolo*," were at their noisiest, we non-revellers, unable to endure longer the deafening din, left the Corso, and by the way of the piazza SS. Apostoli, sought the quieter region of the Forum Trajano. It was a sudden transition from gay to grave, to lean over the balustrade which surrounds the main excavation, and look down at the ghostly array in the depths below—the broken columns that guard the approach to the tomb. But in it we found full compensation: the air filled with the odor of Spring prophecies, the pleasant movement of a gentle breeze, and the weird night solitude accentuated for us the fascinations of antique marbles. The scattered remains of ancient temples, the fallen porticos, the monument reared for him who was once so mighty, of whom Gibbon says "he only made war to secure peace," had for us seemingly a new interest, and sent the fancy backward in its flight, building out of the wide past a world of thought and feeling. They won us to an increased desire to study carefully their graven pages, for in such-like strong, broad-typed records, history becomes an appreciable reality.

Much of the work of unearthing the Forum of Trajan, as well as that of other portions of long-buried Rome, was done by the French, when they were here trying to prop up the fast declining temporal power of the Pope, for which, despite the temporary stumbling-block they were to Italian liberty, we give them thanks. Research has brought to light no monument more beautiful than Trajan's column,

the work of the architect Apollodorus, and, according to an inscription upon the base, erected by the Roman Senate and people A. D. 114. It is one hundred and thirty feet in height, and is composed of thirty-four blocks of Carrara marble, carefully matched without and within. Few monuments exhibit to us more clearly the knowledge and skill attained by the Romans of the empire in mechanics and arts. It is of perfect proportions, and rises with imperial grace from among the serried rows of fragments that strew the site. A spiral band of bas-relievs runs from base to summit, the figures increasing in size as they near the top, to preserve throughout the same proportions to the eye of the spectator when seen from below. These series of sculptures, chronologically arranged, tell the story of the emperor's victories, and how he came to leave the Roman empire greater and more prosperous than he found it. They are said to represent not less than twenty-five hundred human figures, actors in the imperial drama, many whose names and deeds are forgotten; while of others it is only known that they lived, resisted, and succumbed to the power of the victor. The representations begin with the crossing of the Danube, and carry on the successive events of the Dacian wars; in one it is the construction of a fortress, in another an attack on the enemy; now it is the reception of ambassadors, and now the emperor addressing his troops. As studies of costumes and other military antiquities, these sculptures are among the most valuable of monumental records. Fortunately for the student, there are accurate casts and engravings, from which he can gain a knowledge of them without the prodigious labor of a detailed inspection of the work. It is noteworthy that this column, wreathed

with its splendid garland of imperial triumphs, is preserved complete—as is also the massive mausoleum which serves for its pedestal—save that the statue of Trajan, which formally crowned its summit, has given place to that of St. Peter's. Will not the King who has old Rome for his capital, acknowledge the incongruity of the thing, and following the injunction "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—restore to antiquity its own—give back to the pagan column the statue of the pagan emperor?

As we looked up at the great, patient stars, and listened to the far-off murmur of the ebbing festivities of the Corso, we talked of the Quirinal and the Vatican, and the mighty breach which the present has made with the past. Although the images of the latter have become colossal in story, and resplendent, seen through the glorifying effects of historic distances, the beacon of the present shines with a clear and wondrous light; its promises fill the soul with joy. Progress, so called, is truly the watchword of the nineteenth century. Italy was tardy in falling into the general movement; nevertheless she has made great strides in certain directions. Modern improvements may have weakened the stronger tints of local color, and impaired some forms of picturesqueness; but in their stead are beauties, nobler in quality and tone. Those who come to Rome with imaginations long fed upon dreams, with thoughts intent upon magnificent ceremonials, and hopes of assisting at high festivals of churchly pomp and state, will find things wofully unjoined. A change of colors floats from St. Angelo; the solemn spectacle of the Pope, with two fingers extended in blessing, is no longer an incident of the streets.

Meanwhile one perceives that the City of the Cæsars has become more habitable, its air is fresher, its people seem to breathe more freely, and certainly have more cheerful faces. On the newspaper stands are journals that keep better step with the measures of the age than *The Osservatore Romano*, and whose voices are newer, more harmonious, and more sympathetic, than the old, so-called *Voce della Veritas*. This wonderful city, the storehouse of the accumulated treasures of the kingdoms she conquered, and the regal seat of that power in whose hands the Cross grew to be the mightiest of defences, is for us the chronicler of both Pagan and Christian history. In the monuments of the former, beauty yields to grandeur—to that something mighty, both in sentiment and structure, which, despite all vandalisms, will remain substantial joy forever. If we rehabilitate temples, the smoke of sacrifice rises from magnificent altars, and we know that the mythical gods were real gods to the Pagan devotee. In the monuments recording Christian (Papal) history, we find greater luxury, exaggeration, and ostentation, which, in the light of increasing refinement and truer spiritual interpretation, either kill faith, or convert it into blind superstition. Rome patiently bides the day when the "*Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat*," inscribed on the walls of the Vatican, shall be coupled with *Christus amat, Christus docet, Christus exaltat*. We hear already the approaching footsteps; there is a St. Paul's within the walls.

Inquiry, the so-called evangelist of science, has recently made interesting discoveries on the Aventine. This is the highest and most picturesque of the Seven Hills, and if it means

"The Hill of Birds," is legendarily connected with the foundation of the city. The newly-revealed fragments are supposed to be remains of the Temple of Diana Aventina, whither Caius Gracchus fled, and prayed that those who had betrayed him might never be free. The portions of walls are remains of a date much older than the two well-preserved specimens of the wall of Servius Tullius.

One looks in vain for the laurels, bay-trees, and thick groves, of which the Latin poets make frequent mention; and only on the side facing the Tiber are there any "rocky cliffs." The huge Saxum of the greater summit (there are two summits) has long since disappeared, and among the cliffs of the lesser, one finds no trace of a cave that might be associated with the legend of the giant Cacus. It must have been a Herculean task to drag the stolen bulls up by their tails, if the cliffs were as steep as they are now.

Three churches, the heritage of the Order of Dominicans, crown the Aventine. They occupy sites in the midst of a wealth of overgrown verdure, but seemingly they have outlived their uses in a district so infested with malaria as to be almost depopulated. St. Sabina stands upon the side of the Temple of Juno Regina, which is also the more modern site of the house of the saint. The nave of the church is of noble proportions, and grand in structure, but it is filled with a dusky solitude and an odor of mould, as if already feeding on its own ancientness. From a corridor we saw the famous orange-tree, 660 years old, said to have been planted by St. Dominic, and its prosperity to tally with that of the Order. In the Chapel of the Rosary a rare feast for the lover of warm color and the picturesque, met the eye. A dim

light, warmed and toned by a crimson curtain, fell upon the treasure of the church, the masterpiece of Sassoferrato, La Madonna del Rosario. Tapers were burning upon the altar, and before it knelt a young peasant girl, with flowers in her hand, as sweet in significance as the lily at the feet of the saint. The face of the young girl had a touch of sadness, a something of the hopelessness of renunciation. Was she, out of the substance of her own innocence, preparing some sacrifice? With her rosary, had she too received a crown of thorns?

In the near Convent domain Thomas Aquinas passed much of his life. We wondered if he would have looked in any wise like our cicerone, a Dominican father—if he would have made just such a solemn, white-hooded figure against the dark-gray background of the church. In the gardens of the Convent, and the adjoining declivity of the Aventine, important excavations were made in 1856 and 1857. They brought to light some subterranean prisons, an ancient Roman house, and fragments of walls formed of gigantic blocks of peperino.

The second of the trio of churches, St. Alessio, contains some fine monu-

mental tombs; but it is interesting chiefly from the fact that the crypt is a subterranean church of very early date. Here the Popes held their conclaves in times of persecution. The story of the youthful saint is well told in the design and appointments of his shrine near the entrance of the church. The stairs are said to be the veritable stairs under which his body was found.

In the neighborhood of the third church, St. Maria, is the beautiful garden of the Priorata. It has an avenue of bay-trees, through which the vista reaches to St. Peter's. The view from the terrace of the garden commands a sea of domes, the sinuous, golden-hued waters of the Tiber, and the broad, verdure-waving slopes of the Janiculum. In one of the little courts stands a graceful, tremulous-fingered palm-tree. We were reminded by the equally tremulous-fingered father, that the angels in heaven carry palm-branches in their hands. In this garden Hildebrand (afterward Gregory VII.) wandered, wondered, and grew up to manhood. Not far distant, under the shadow of the classic Armilustrum, Tacitus was buried, but tomb and laurel-grove have long since disappeared.

F. N.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

CHAPTER III.—MRS. MANGAM.

'And now, James,' said my mother as she seated herself in the carriage, with the basket of parcels designed for some of her beneficiaries, 'you may drive to Mrs. Mangam's.'

'O yes, yes—that quare woman that lives across the river.'

James had lived with us for several years, and as our ways were simple

at home, he, though always respectful, was admitted to a degree of familiarity which is not usual in every household.

'What is there queer about her?' asked mother, a little amused.

'Well, she's no doubt very good; but thin—but thin she's quare, in my way of thinkin'.'

'How so?' mother persisted.

'Well, you'd think, to look at her, that she might almost be a Sister of Charity. And thin the way she talks to people—some of the Irish people in the neighborhood have told me about it; it's kind o' quare like.'

Mother seeing that there was no hope of getting a more satisfactory explanation, did not pursue the subject. Passing through the main street, over the river bridge, through an avenue lined with trees, the shadows of which in Summer time flecked the plain, or ornamented dwellings beneath them, they stopped before a white two-story framed house with green blinds—a style so very common in the country. Announcing her name, she was ushered into the parlor, to wait for a few moments to meet the object of her visit. The parlor was neat; its furniture sufficient, but not superabundant, several pieces being evidently heirlooms. There was generally an air of refinement, and the books upon the table, and the few pictures and portraits which adorned the walls, indicated, as these generally do, the culture of the possessor.

The inmates of the house were Mrs. Mangam, her mother, and a maid-servant. Mrs. Mangam had lived in the place little more than a year and a half. Nothing was known of her family history, except that she was a widow and childless. Her husband and child, it was said, had perished at sea. Her reason for removing to our village was mainly an economical one, her means being too slender to admit of her living in the city, with the comforts to which she had once been accustomed, and which, to her aged mother, seemed to be indispensable. Here, in quiet and retirement, she found her healthful exercise in daily walks, when the

weather would permit; and of late she had been, once or twice, a companion of my mother in her excursions among the sick and needy of the neighborhood. It was for a ride of this description that my mother had by appointment called this morning. She had not long to wait before Mrs. Mangam entered, dressed for the ride. The lady was of medium height, with dark blue eyes, a clear complexion, her brown hair intertwined with occasional locks of gray, her voice sweet and melodious, and always pleasant; but there was notwithstanding an unmistakable sadness, which betokened one familiar with sorrow, but resigned.

This morning their destination was a portion of the town known as Potteryville. It was so called because a manufactory of earthen ware had there for several years given employment to some score or two of families—English, Welsh, and a few Irish. My mother in her visits learned that Mrs. Mangam had of her own accord, in her walks, found her way to this district. She had gone, not evidently for the purpose of finding out objects of charity, but strolling leisurely through the place, she had occasionally engaged in conversation with the women she met at the doors of their cottages, and in her winning manner disarmed them of their reserve; so that it was not long before she had made herself familiar with the little annoyances, as well as the real trials, of the lowly. As for the former, she had a chatty and pleasant way of dealing with them, which was calculated to impress the complaining with the idea of rising above, instead of being made miserable over, them; and as for the latter, her manner was best described in the words of one woman who had followed one member of her house-

hold after another to the grave: 'Indeed, madam, a gentle lady like you couldn't talk in that way to a puir body the likes o' me, unless ye'd had deep sorrow yersel'.'

The self-respect of these humble folk was not wounded: for she did not go among them to give alms. Real want and suffering were always relieved in the most quiet and matter-of-course way, as though it were but an act of kindness. But while mother's alms went without much discrimination, and out of the impulse of a kind heart, Mrs. Mangam was known as the good friend of the poor, rather than as the Lady Bountiful. Evidently she had not the means my mother enjoyed, but she did not believe in the charity which consisted in giving alms. She had experience in the charitable operations of a large city parish, and had been deeply interested in the workings of an association organized for relief. Besides the many instances of real suffering among the deserving poor which had come under her eye, she had encountered untold examples of people made dependent through their own want of thrift, and then kept dependent by the knowledge that if they were not successful in relieving themselves, there were rich people who would relieve them. She had dealt with chronic paupers, become such by being made regular pensioners on the Communion alms. Taught in such a school, Mrs. Mangam had learned, when there came before her a case of want, to ask herself the question 'What is needed—money to lift them out of their difficulties without any exertion on their part, or advice to show them how to help themselves, to depend upon their own exertions, and with such advice, enough of assistance to encourage them to begin?'

My mother had come to understand and be interested in Mrs. Mangam's ideas, and with all her own experience, had learned much from her new friend. They were becoming warm friends day by day.

'Well,' said my mother after a long chat, 'there are some families which never can be taught to take care of themselves. There is one I have in mind now, which I have not visited for more than a year. I sent to them what I had to give, for some time, but of late have sent nothing, and for some cause they have not come near me.'

'I admit the truth of what you say,' said Mrs. Mangam; 'but generally I have found in such families some one member who could, after awhile, be reached; and through that one, the others. The difficulty is to make a beginning. After such a one has experienced the feeling of independence which the doing for himself gives, it is not difficult to encourage it, and in time there will be favorable results. But who is this family of which you were speaking? Would you object to driving there?'

'Not at all,' said my mother; and after a few more calls, they were driven to a hovel on the far outskirts. It was little better than a shanty. But mother recognized some change in the appearance of the premises since her last visit. There were some pretensions to a fence, and several out-houses had been put up—if that can be called out-house which consists of a little structure made of refuse lumber, and of about the size and form of the cabin of a fisherman's smack. Mother was convinced that the family of Bill Norgood had removed, and some other was occupying the premises. Still the two women alighted and entered.

There was no mistake—it was the

same family: Mrs. Norgood poorly clad, as of old, but more neatly; the hut not in the best of order, but still an improvement upon former days, and having some pretensions to comfort. In the corner, Tommy, a lad of twelve years, was seated, with splints about him—yes, actually making a basket. A little girl, who, as the ladies entered, took refuge behind her mother, stole slyly to a niche behind a projecting part of the chimney, and hastily washed her soiled face. The father who had been in the yard, entered as the ladies came in, and saluted them in his uncouth way, and they were invited to such seats as the cabin afforded. One thing my mother saw at a glance, that Mrs. Mangam was no stranger there. She smiled as she intimated as much.

'I have not seen you in a long time,' said mother; 'you appear to be doing better than when I was last here.'

'Thank 'e, mum, yes,' said Mr. Norgood, twirling his hat in his hands. 'Jim, as used to give us so much trouble, has gone to sea. Sarah Ann is livin' out with a farmer about four mile away. She don't get much wage, but she's better took care on than she would be here. That leaves the old 'oman and myself here, and Tommy, who is tryin' to learn to make baskets——'

'Yes, I do, mum; I can, I do make um,' broke in Tommy, with eager impatience.

'Whist! keep still, will you!' said the father, with a frown.

'And that leaves the old 'oman,' continued he, 'and me and Sarah Ann, the little one. Come here,' said he, seizing her by the arm, 'come and spake to the ladies.' Then whispering to her, said 'Have ye got yer face cleau? Remember, now, what the good lady said.'

Little Lizzie came forward, and my mother acknowledged that for the first time she looked fit to be kissed.

'And now, how about yourself?' she asked.

'Well,' continued Mr. Norgood, 'I gets a job to do now and then. Sometimes I works at odd things and chores about the factory. And when I gets nothing to do I works about the place here. You noticed, mayhap, I'd been fixing up a bit.'

'Indeed I did,' replied my mother; 'and delighted I was to see it, too. I see why you didn't come to get help. But you might have come to see me, and tell me how you were getting on.'

'Yes'm,' said Norgood. 'But then I was little ashamed, and then I didn't want to hear your Bess sayin' "there comes Bill Norgood beggin' again—what do you want now?" And then again I thought perhaps some day you might be ridin' by this way to bring us somethin', as you used to do, and then Sally could say to you "No, thank you, we don't need none now." And then, if it was in the Summer-time, we could show you the garden and chickens and things. It would be so pleasant like.'

And now my mother was all curiosity, eager to know the particulars of this strange transformation. Sally, the 'old 'oman,' as Norgood called her, was as eager to communicate the desired information, and in fact had been for some time a little impatient at her husband's volubility. Not to weary the reader with her style of narrative, we will give the summary.

When Mrs. Mangam and her mother removed to our place, while she was in the midst of the confusion, 'Sarah Ann,' spoken of above, came, as she was wont to do, to get a little help for her father and mother and the poor family; telling the usual piteous tale of not enough to eat, fa-

ther out of work, and mother poorly. Mrs. Mangam, after a little conversation, told her to come in and she would give her a dinner. But as dinner was not quite ready, and as articles had to be unpacked and carried from place to place, she invited Sarah Ann to take hold and help. The girl was pleased to do so. Mrs. Mangam directed her, and occasionally gave her a pleasant word of encouragement, so that after dinner she was delighted enough to be asked to remain for the afternoon. In due time she was despatched to her home with a well-filled basket and a lighter heart than she had known in many a day—particularly as she was asked to come on the following morning. The next day found her at her post, and Mrs. Mangam got another fair day's work out of her. About noon the father came. Mrs. Mangam felt sure that this would be, and had reserved the removal of a heavy piece of furniture until his arrival. She made him earn his dinner. By the time that the day's work was over, Mrs. Mangam had put some ideas into the dull head of Sarah Ann. She had convinced her that that day she had not lived on charity. She had got along without begging. Mrs. Mangam had not *given* her or her father anything. What they had received was their own by right. The father came in for part of the lesson, and the thought was put into his mind that no matter how poor he might be, yet in what he obtained by his own earnings he was just as independent as any farmer or merchant or banker in the neighborhood. Having thus awakened a laudable pride, she followed up her instruction by visits, when she laid out plans for them; but not attempting to accomplish too much at first—for she was educating them, and education is not

a rapid process. To help them on, she made a bargain. She would buy for them a few fowls, for which they must pay her in eggs. The approach to dignity with which Norgood received this proposition was truly amusing. The thought that he had been trusted, that somebody would advance 'capital' for him, so that he could 'embark in business,' almost turned his head. But with some patient instruction the speculation was entered upon and became a success. The stock of poultry enlarged itself. Some garden vegetables were grown and sold. The whole family partook of the new life that had been awakened. Sarah Ann knew nothing of any housework, was shiftless and untidy, but she was now willing to learn, and a place had been found for her where she could earn her board and learn something which would be of service to her. Jim, a shiftless, lazy fellow, had of his own accord gone to sea. Bill Norgood was actually earning a living, his wife and family were helping him, and all had ceased to be beggars.

To my mother's love for Mrs. Mangam was now added an unbounded admiration. She understood now what her theories about dealing with the poor, meant. It was first understanding what true charity is—not necessarily almsgiving, but—the love of our fellow-beings, and then in the spirit of that love, appealing to their manhood or womanhood, which will be sure to make itself manifest in a gratitude for kindnesses, and a self-respect which would scorn to choose alms instead of wages.

During this interview, James, waiting in the highway, had engaged in conversation with an acquaintance, from whom he learned a few of the particulars of the change in the Norgood family. As mother was resum-

ing her seat in the carriage, and Mrs. Mangam lingered to have a few words with Mrs. Norgood, James said confidentially in an undertone, 'Didn't I say she was like a Sister of Charity, but a little quare? I'm very sure I've seen that lady before ever she came here to live. One day Miss Lucy sent me to that lady's house iv an errand, and there was a gentleman there, who had jist come on the cars one train, and left by the next. I jist didn't get more nor a sight iv him, but I'll lay a guinea against a shillin that I used to see that gentleman in Cincinnati.'

'Very likely, James, but there is nothing strange in that.'

'I know, I know,' said James, 'but thin that was a great many years ago, and I can't remember all about it; only I know there was something quare, that's all.'

Mother was not disposed to encourage James in this style of conversation, and endeavored to suppress any idle curiosity on the subject to which she herself might feel inclined; but Mrs. Mangam joined them, and the party drove homeward. One the way the ladies reviewed the adventures of the morning, and compared notes of their experiences among the poor. Mrs. Mangam had studied the subject of charities in their various forms and had had no little experience. Mother had never thought of making the matter a study. When help had been needed she had given it, with discrimination she supposed, but without any very definite ideas upon the subject. Leaving Mrs. Mangam at her door, James sought to renew the conversation which had been interrupted, but meeting with no encouragement, nothing was said.

'Our old friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson,' was the greeting which

mother received on her arrival. He was indeed an old friend, and frequent visitor at our house, having been a classmate of father's in college. He was always welcome, for there was not one in the household who did not love him.

In the evening, as father and mother sat in the parlor with our guest, and all inquiries about old friends and subjects of mutual interest had been disposed of, mother's mind recurred to the matter which had so much impressed her in the morning. She gave the doctor an account of her experience, and grew somewhat eloquent as she detailed the change which had taken place in the Norgood family. But her enthusiasm reached its height when she described Mrs. Mangam.

'I knew a Mrs. Mangam once,' said the doctor, looking steadily at the fire in the grate, 'in Cincinnati.'

'There,' said mother, 'James said he was sure that he had seen her in Cincinnati. If this is the same woman, you must have admired her.'

A slight, but perceptible flush suffused the doctor's face as he replied, considerably, 'Yes, I knew her before she was Mrs. Mangam. And a nobler woman I never knew.'

You know they give our sex the credit for a quickness of penetration which is not often at fault. When I tell you that Dr. Jamieson had reached the age of fifty and had never married, you can imagine what a pretty little romance flashed through mother's mind. It ran something after this style: 'Noble woman; antecedents uncertain, perhaps mysterious; doctor blushed when her name was mentioned; knew her before she was married; she is a widow now; denouement.'

'How long has she been a widow?' mother asked.

'I really cannot say,' said the doctor, deliberately. 'The fact is,' continued he, 'I had lost sight of her for some years. I travelled in Europe not long after her marriage, and remained there two years. When I returned she had removed to the West, and I heard nothing further for some time, when I was told that her husband was abroad, and that she had

removed to New York. Afterwards I heard that Mr. Mangam was lost at sea; subsequently I was informed that it was not her husband but her brother who had met with that fate. But if she is in this vicinity you may be sure that I shall lose no time in renewing the acquaintance.'

The doctor was as good as his word.

[From Cave's Primitive Christianity.]

PENITENTS IN PRIMITIVE TIMES.

How and in what manner offenders were dealt with, both as to their suspension and penance, and as to their absolution.

This affair was usually managed after this order: At their public assemblies (as we find in Tertullian), amongst other parts of their holy exercises, there were exhortations, reproofs, and a divine censure; for the judgment is given with great weight, as amongst those that are sure that God beholds what they do, and this is one of the highest *præcludiums* and forerunners of the judgment to come, when the delinquent person is banished from the communion of prayers, assemblies, and all holy commerce. By this passage we clearly see that the first thing in this solemn action was to make reproofs and exhortations, thereby to bring the offender to the sight and acknowledgment of his faults; then the sentence, or censure, was passed upon him, whereby he was suspended not only from the Communion of the Holy Eucharist, but from all holy commerce in any (especially public) duty of religion. We cannot imagine that in every person that stood under this capacity, a formal sentence was always denounced against him, it being many times sufficient that the fact he had done was evident and notorious, as in the case of the lapsed that had offered sacrifice: for in this case the offender was looked upon as *ipso facto* excommunicate, and all religious commerce forborne towards him. It is true that in some cases the martyrs (as we shall see more anon) finding such lapsed persons truly penitent, did receive

them into private communion; so did those martyrs Dionysius Alexandrinus speaks of in his Letter to Fabius, Bishop of Antioch. They took the penitents that had fallen into idolatry into their company, and communicated with them both at prayers and meals; but to public communion they were never admitted till they had exactly fulfilled the discipline of the Church, which principally consisted in many severe acts of repentance and mortification, more or less according to the nature of the offence.

During this space of penance they appeared in all the formalities of sorrow and mourning, in a sordid and squalid habit, with a sad countenance, and a head hung down, with tears in their eyes, standing without at the church doors (for they were not suffered to enter in), falling down upon their knees to the ministers as they went in, and begging the prayers of all good Christians for themselves, with all the expressions and demonstrations of a sorrowful and dejected mind; reckoning the lower they lay in repentance, the higher it would exalt them; the more sordid they appeared, the more they should be cleansed and purified; the less they spared themselves, the more God would spare them. At these times also they made open confession of their faults, this being accounted the very spring of repentance, and without which they concluded it could not be real. Out of confession, says Tertullian, is born repentance, and by repentance God is pacified; and therefore without this, neither riches

nor honor would procure any admission into the Church. Thus Eusebius reports that when Philippus, the Emperor, would have gone in with the rest of the Christians upon Easter Eve to have partaken of the prayers of the Church, the Bishop of the place would by no means suffer it, unless he first made confession of his sins, and passed through the order of the penitents, being guilty of very great and enormous sins, which, 'tis said, he very willingly submitted to, testifying by his actions his real and religious fear of the Divine Majesty. This story, though as to the main of it it might be true, yet as fastened upon Philip the Emperor, I have formerly showed it to be false, and that it is rather meant of one Philippus, who was Governor in Egypt, and professed himself a Christian; but however this was, it is certain that a person as great as he, Theodosius the Great, for his bloody and barbarous slaughter of the Thessalonians, was by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, suspended, brought to public confession, and forced to undergo a severe course of penance for eight months together, when—after great demonstrations of a hearty sorrow and sincere repentance, not more rigidly imposed upon him than readily and willingly received by him; after his usual prostrations in the church (as if unworthy either to stand or kneel), crying out in the words of David “My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken Thou me according to Thy word”; after having oft torn his hair, beat his forehead, watered his cheeks with tears, and humbly begged peace and pardon—he was absolved, and restored to communion with the Church, of which passage they who would know more may find the story largely related by Theodoret.

This severity was used towards offenders, partly to make them more sensible of their sins, partly to affright and deter others, but principally to give satisfaction both to God and His Church concerning the reality and sincerity of their repentance. Hence it is that these penances, in the writings of those times, are so often called satisfactions; for whenever those fathers use the word, it is either with respect to men or God.

If to men, then the meaning is that by these external acts of sorrow and mortification, they satisfy the Church of their repentance, and make reparation for those offences and scandals which they had given by their sins; if to God, then it is taken for the acknowledgment of a man's fault, and the begging of pardon and remission. Thus Cyprian, speaking of the state of impenitent sinners, aggravates it by this, that they do *peccare, nec satisfacere*—sin, but make no satisfaction—i. e., (as in the very next words he explains it) they do not *peccata deflere*—confess and bewail their sins. And before, discoursing about God's being the only object of tears and sorrow for sin, which is to be addressed to God, and not man, he tells us it is God that is to be appeased by satisfaction; that He being greatly offended, is to be entreated by a long and full repentance, as being alone able to pardon those sins that are committed against Him. So that the satisfaction which they reckoned they made to God, consisted in seeking to avert His displeasure, and to regain His forfeited favor by a deep contrition and sorrow for sin, by a real acknowledgment and forsaking of their faults, and by an humble giving to God the glory both of His mercy and His justice. Thence confession is called by Tertullian the counsel, or intendment, of satisfaction; and a little after he describes it thus: “Confession,” says he, “is that whereby we acknowledge our offence to God, not as if He were ignorant of it, but inasmuch as by confession satisfaction is forwarded, by confession repentance is produced, and by repentance God is appeased.” The same both he, Cyprian, and others, frequently use in the same sense, which I note the rather because of that absurd and impious doctrine so current amongst the Papists, and which they pretend to derive from these very fathers, that by works of penance compensation is made to God for the debt of punishment that was contracted, whereby at least the temporal penalties due to sin are meritoriously expiated and done away. But this, besides that it is flatly repugnant to the doctrine of antiquity, how much it is derogatory to the honor of divine grace and the infinite satisfac-

tion of the Son of God, I shall not now stand to dispute. To return, therefore: This term of penance was usually exacted with great rigor, and seldom dispensed with, no indulgence or admission being granted till the full time was completed. Therefore Cyprian smartly chides with some Presbyters who had taken upon them to absolve the lapsed before their time, and that whereas in lesser offences men were obliged to the just time of penance, and to observe the order of discipline, they, in a crime of so heinous a nature, had hand-over head admitted them to Communion before they had gone through their penance and confession, and fulfilled the regular customs and orders of the Church.

The time of penance being ended, they addressed themselves to the governors of the Church for absolution. Hereupon their repentance was taken into examination, and being found to be sincere and real, they were openly readmitted into the Church by the imposition of the hands of the clergy, the party to be absolved kneeling down between the knees of the Bishop, or in his absence, of the presbyter, who, laying his hand upon his head solemnly, blessed and absolved him. . . . The penitent being absolved, was received with the universal joy and acclamation of the people, as one returned from the state of the dead

(for such, it is plain, they accounted them while under a state of guilt, especially the lapsed, as Cyprian positively affirms them to be), being embraced by his brethren, who blessed God for his return, and many times wept for the joy of his recovery, who upon his absolution was now restored to a participation of the Lord's Supper, and to all other acts of Church communion, which by his crimes he had forfeited, and from which he had been suspended till he had given satisfactory evidence of his repentance, and purpose to persevere under the exact discipline of Christianity. This was the ordinary way wherein they treated criminals in the Primitive Church; but in cases of necessity (such as that of danger of death), they did not rigidly exact the set time of penance, but absolved the person, that so he might die in the peace and communion of the Church. The story of Serapion at Alexandria we have formerly mentioned, who, being suddenly surprised with death while he was under the state of penance, and not being able to die till he had received absolution, sent for the presbyter to testify his repentance and absolve him; but he being also at that time sick, sent him a part of the Consecrated Elements which he had by him, upon the receiving whereof he breathed out his soul with great comfort and satisfaction that he now died in communion with the Church.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

There are few matters which have excited more interest to thinking minds in connection with the dealings of God towards mankind. While on the one hand some writers have maintained that the Creator acts only through general laws, and that events apparently unexplainable by natural laws, which have been productive of unexpected good or evil to the individual, are either illustrations of some higher, unknown law, or come within the category of 'coincidences,' there are others equally eminent, who have argued in favor of the direct and special interposition of the Almighty in such 'special providences.'

Whatever may be the explanation accepted, there can be no question of

the spirit in which such incidents should be regarded. The mention of a few interpositions in an otherwise somewhat uneventful life, may not be useless, recounted in no boastful spirit, but with humble gratitude we trust to the Father of all Mercies.

One Summer evening, many years since, we were lodging for a few days in an ancient house in Shropshire. Our bedroom was on the third story, an apartment with deeply-recessed windows, in each of which was a shelf or high seat, on a level with the window-sill. Some forty or fifty feet below these windows was a grand old country garden, full of sweet shrubs and flowers. We had been working hard all day, and struck with the

beauty of the evening as the bright moonlight poured in through the widely-opened sash, we gathered ourselves comfortably together on one of the shelves we have spoken of, and luxuriated in the view of the garden below. Sleep stole upon us unbidden, and ere we were aware we had yielded to it. The garden accompanied us into dreamland, only instead of lying on a wooden seat far above it, we were on a soft green turf, gazing on a knot of tiny but exquisite flowers. As we pressed more closely down to examine them, suddenly there sprang from them, and straight towards our face, a hideous reptile, a mixture of toad and beetle; we involuntarily started backwards, with such force as to fall off the seat upon the floor of our bedroom, awakening of course, to find that the imaginary reptile had prevented our leaning still further forward to examine the equally imaginary flowers, and so to be precipitated from a dizzy and probably fatal height!

Our next providence also carries us many years in the past. We were unmarried, and living in the family home in a pleasant suburb of London. It was August, and all the members of the household save myself and an old servant, were enjoying their usual sea-side 'outing.' Accustomed to cheerful voices and faces around, the solitude of the family sitting-room, ourselves alone in it, was almost insupportable. As evening closed in we lighted the gas, and tried to find amusement with one book after another, but in vain. There was a cabinet full of old curiosities and nameless 'odds and ends' in the room, and in our loneliness we began turning over its contents. An old pistol attracted our attention. It had lain there many years, and we idly speculated whether it was loaded or not. We did a very foolish thing. After attempting in vain to blow down the barrel, we drew down the gasalier, and removed the glass shade from one of the burners; holding the pistol with the stock towards and close to the flames, we looked narrowly down the barrel. At that instant a loud single 'bang' came from the knocker of the street door, and simultaneously a nervous start on our part threw the muzzle of the weapon

a little on one side; an instant discharge followed, and a bullet grazing our ear, was lodged in the wall behind us.

The remarkable part of the accident, however, remains to be told. The door being opened, our father stood outside, startled by the sound of the shot, and anxiously enquired after us. It appeared that during the whole morning he had been filled with nervous anxiety about his son, which at length became so overpowering, that although more than a hundred miles from home, he had insisted upon leaving wife and children in the country, and rushing up to town, only in time by his abrupt knocking, to deflect the loaded firearm from an awful aim through eye and head!

We will relate but one other incident, no less remarkable than the former, in which we venture to think the direct interposition of Divine mercy was very wonderfully manifested towards us.

We were attending officially the Assizes at Taunton, and the work being unusually light, and ending before the day appointed for the Commission to be opened at the next circuit town, Devizes, we found ourselves possessed of the luxury of a holiday. A local friend, who was a somewhat skilful angler, finding that our holiday was without employment, suggested our visiting some preserved water a few miles away, offering to lend us the necessary tackle, and as he was unable to accompany us, to introduce us by letter to the custodian of the stream, assuring us of a kindly welcome and excellent sport. Although anything but a proficient in the 'gentle art,' the offer was so kindly made that we could not refuse, and on the following morning, duly equipped, we started on our excursion. Some distance out of the town we were overtaken and accosted by a somewhat shabbily-dressed and rough-looking man, who rightly suggested that we were 'going fishing,' and immediately, and in a confidential manner, asked our destination. We told him, and were immediately assured that our labor would be in vain: the gamekeeper was out—our companion knew him well—and even if he had been at home, we should have had all our time thrown away; there was

no fish in — stream; it had been completely drawn, etc. *He*, however, could show us a wonderful place, full of fish, trout the largest we had ever seen—nobody knew of it but himself; he was a skilful man with the rod and line, and liked to assist a gentleman, and always knew one when he met him, etc. Although liking a companion at all times, and anything but reserved or misanthropical, we formed somehow an unconquerable dislike to our new friend, and refused his overtures, apologetically almost at first, but as they were renewed and somewhat persistently, at last with a degree of something very like anger, which caused him reluctantly to turn back from us, and finally to disappear in the windings of the road.

Arrived at our journey's end, we found the person to whom our letter was addressed, who heartily greeted us, set plenty of plain, acceptable country fare before us, taught our inexperienced hands (so far as the time permitted) the mysteries of his craft, and sent us home in the early evening rewarded with some glorious specimens of the finny tribe.

This adventure, like many others of a like nature, was fast fading from memory, when two years afterwards, we were again at the Taunton Assizes, and amongst the prisoners put upon trial was one charged with an aggravated assault, 'with intent to kill and murder.' The case was a short and very simple one, and immediately engaged all our attention. The prosecutor was proceeding, a few weeks previously, on a little fishing excursion, when he was overtaken by the prisoner, who offered to lead him to some fine 'preserved water.' Accepting the invitation, he was taken by a long and lonely road into a plantation in which was a small lake which the prisoner declared was swarming with fish. Whilst adjusting his rod and line, his companion edged behind him, and suddenly struck him on the back of the head with a hammer he had concealed about him. Fortunately the blow, though severe, did not stun him, and he was able to close with, grapple, and eventually to master his adversary, who I was amazed to find was the very same scoundrel who had forced himself into my company two years previously! Providentially his

intended victim this time was a strong and powerful Somersetshire man, who successfully overmastered and delivered him 'up to justice in the shape of many years' penal servitude, a result which in no human probability could have been arrived at by the writer, whose puny form, but for the mercy of God, would doubtless long since have been hidden under the dark waters of that lonely lake. 'The man who watches for providences,' says a pious writer, 'will never want providences to watch for.' May some of our readers, if they have not yet done so, thankfully reckon up those of their own past lives.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—Herr Esmark, who has spent many years in surveying the northern lights, says: "The aurora is never seen during extreme cold or northerly winds, but appears when an ordinary arctic temperature is raised by southerly and westerly winds, and is generally followed by snow. In the southeastern part of Norway it seems to be especially caused by southeasterly winds, which are there very moist and rather warm. Its appearance is always accompanied by a falling barometer. In my opinion, the phenomenon is due to the following causes: When a wind laden with warmth, moisture, and electricity, comes in contact with a body of cold air, the moisture is converted into snow, the warmth and electricity are thereby released, and the aurora is the result of the disturbances. The northern lights cannot occur in very high latitudes, because the warm moist air is cooled long before it reaches them." In this way Herr Esmark would account for the splendid appearance of the aurora in Northern Norway, where the sea winds, bringing warmth, moisture and electricity from the ocean, are met by cold land winds from the interior. Messrs. Lottin, Bravais and Siljerstrom, who spent a Winter at Bøsekop, in Alten (lat. 70 deg. N.), saw the northern lights 160 times in 210 nights. The determination of the chemical elements involved by means of spectrum analysis, is by no means the least of the numerous scientific results to be derived from arctic exploration.

Editor's Portfolio.

We have the following from the clergyman himself. In a certain parish lived a gentleman, Irish by descent, and evidently Irish in his mental peculiarities. Meeting him one day, his rector said "Mr. M., I have not seen you at church lately." "No," replied the person addressed, "I have not been at church in more than a year." "You surprise me," said the rector; "what is the explanation?" "Why, the fact is that I was very much impressed with a Lenten sermon you preached more than a year ago. You said that to keep Lent properly, we must deny ourselves in that which we liked most. Now there is nothing in the world that I so much delight in as to hear you preach. I concluded to put your advice in practice, and deny myself that pleasure during Lent. I did so, and the effect was so beneficial that I have kept it up ever since!"

Voltaire's intense hatred of Christianity meant simply hatred of Romanism, that form of Christianity with which he was best acquainted. The infidelity and atheism of Roman Catholic countries is not a mere intellectual conviction. The most malignant passions have been aroused by the practical working of Romanism. By the course pursued wherever the Ultramontanes have sway, the youth are instructed that Mediævalism and Christianity are identical. They are taught that Protestantism in all its forms is to be abhorred as the enemy of Christianity. The youth grow up with this belief. They have no opportunity of seeing anything of Protestantism, and consequently retain this conviction through life. When experience and reflection convince them that Romanism cannot be

from God, they despise it. The consequence is lamentable. They reason that if Protestantism is of the devil, and the religion with which they are acquainted not of God, there is no refuge but in infidelity and atheism. And as they have become disgusted with superstition and oppression, what can be expected when religion comes and asks the recognition and support of the State?—just what has occurred in the French Chamber of Deputies. The *London Standard*, in an article on "Irreligion in France," says:

The decision taken in the French Chamber of Deputies on Monday week, by a large majority, to abolish army chaplains, shows the intensity of the hatred with which French Radicalism regards religion in all its forms, and it is lamentable to see that the soldier chosen by M. de Freycinet as a fitting agent to carry out the Radical attacks upon the army, should have rushed forward to testify his adhesion to the proposition to leave the army without religious administration. "Had the proposal to abolish army chaplains not been brought forward by another," said General Farre, "I would myself have proposed it." The presence of the chaplains in the ranks, the Radical soldier considered, was to be deprecated from a military point of view, as their influence was acquired at the expense of that of the regimental and field-officers, over the men whom they had to lead through the ordeal of fire. This speech, as might be expected, caused a frenzy of enthusiasm among the Left. Any utterance which throws a reflection upon religion, is delightful to French Radicals. Religious teaching in schools, is to them, as to their English confrères, hateful; the Church is an abomination, and it is the height alike of wit, and of good taste, to mock at the clergy. The fact that the whole history of mankind shows that religious men fight better than irreligious men, and that a fervent belief in a God is the very healthiest feeling

with which a soldier can be animated, goes of course for nothing. To turn only to the Franco-German struggle—the religious soldiers of General Charette fought like heroes; the Atheists of Belleville and Montmartre could rarely be got to face the enemy. La Vendée and Brittany sent their Mobiles into the field, while the Radical canaille of Marseilles, and Lyons amused themselves with street demonstrations. The Germans calculate that the changes made by General Farre in the personnel of the staff, will throw back the organization of the army for three years, and we may be sure that the intense discontent of the French military men will not be decreased by the news that the troops are to be deprived of the services of ministers of religion, by the vote of the Atheistic Radicals of the Chamber of Deputies.

We had something in our January number about preaching over people's heads, and showing that that style of sermonizing was not always objectionable. An exhibition of something of the same spirit is given in an anecdote said to have been told at a clerical meeting in New York, not long since. It appears that a Presbyterian minister was "candidating for a vacant pulpit somewhere in Pennsylvania":

Before starting for the place, the minister met an old clerical friend, who had had some experience in the same neighborhood, and who advised him to "Give them some Latin and Greek; it will tickle their vanity, and they'll set you down for a very smart man."

There was a little difficulty in the way of the minister's giving his hearers a dose of Latin and Greek, for he knew no more of either language than the people he was to preach to. But he was equal to the emergency. He was a native of Wales, and spoke Welsh as well as he did English, though these two were the only languages he knew anything about. When he had got nicely into his sermon, he introduced a little passage of Scripture, and said: "This passage, brethren, has been slightly altered in

the translation. It is only in the original Hebrew that you can grasp its full meaning. I will read it to you in Hebrew, so that you may comprehend it more exactly"; and he gave them the passage in very good Welsh. The old Deacons looked at each other, and nodded approval, as though they would say "That's the stuff; that's the kind of thing we want."

Presently the minister, who saw by the faces of his hearers that he had made a hit, came upon another Scripture passage that could not be correctly rendered in English. "This passage," said he, "has to be read in the original to be appreciated. In all the languages, there is none I know in which the meaning can be so well expressed as in Greek. I will read you the verse in Greek"; and again he gave them a long Welsh sentence. Again the Deacons nodded approvingly, and before long the minister found it necessary to read a verse in Latin, "so that his hearers might understand it thoroughly," and gave them a little more Welsh.

Everything was going along smoothly, and the minister, as he approached the end of his sermon, thought he would give them just one more taste of the dead languages. "I am about to read you," said he, "another passage on this subject. But it is another of those passages that have been altered in the translation, and I will read it to you in the Chaldaic, in which it was written." He was just about to give them a little more Welsh, when casting his eye over the congregation, he saw seated near the door a jolly-looking man who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting with laughter. The minister took in the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick that had been played upon the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldaic version, he said again in Welsh

"My friend, don't say a word about this till I have a chance to talk with you."

The congregation went home satisfied that they had listened to one of

the most learned of sermons; the laughing man never told the story, and the minister was soon settled over the church, the people believing that a clergyman who could read the Scriptures in five languages, was just the man for them.

Mary Clemmer, writing to *The Independent* on Society in Washington, shows in the following paragraph that even the devotees of fashion and pleasure are constrained to welcome Lent as a relief from the exactions of the world:

What wonder, in the end, out of utter fatigue, even the worldly hail Lent as a longed-for season of rest and recuperation for future social triumphs. Many who care nothing for Lent devotionally, seize it as a shelter for any desired occupation; while the truly devout thank God that its sacred seal is set even for forty days on the world's turbulence. The memory of the Man of Sorrow, so closely acquainted with grief for the race who could give Him nothing, not even human happiness, has in it the savor of saving grace to the worldliest of this world's children, if so be they receive that Name into their heart of hearts for a single hour.

It is announced that both houses of the Maryland Legislature have passed a law to punish by fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court, any person "who shall by loud and unseemly noises create disturbance in any city or town, or who shall profanely curse and swear, or use obscene language on or near any street or highway within the hearing of any person passing." The principle on which this law is founded seems to us most just. It does not forbid any person who has a taste for base and foul language, indulging the same to his heart's content. But persons of common decency have rights also. They are not to be insulted. Hence the low blackguards must be out of sight and hearing

when they would indulge in their favorite luxury. We need such a law in New York State.

We are to have diamonds made for us—that is, for those of us who can afford them. Ever since it was ascertained that the diamond was but crystallized carbon, efforts have been made to bring that substance to a state of crystallization. According to the testimony of Professor Nevil Story Maskelyne of the Mineral Department of the British Museum, Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay of Glasgow, a Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, has succeeded in solving the problem which has so long defied scientific chemistry. The process will soon be announced to the Royal Society. [Later: Prof. Roscoe of Manchester has his doubts.]

Another old and valued contributor comes to our aid this month. The writer of "Spring in Rome" is the author of that interesting series which appeared in *The Church Journal* in 1876-7—"Friendly Letters from Abroad." The readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE will peruse her agreeable and instructive papers with as much pleasure as did those of the former publication.

A school for workers in metal and wood, says *The Independent*, is in course of establishment, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at Sixteenth street and West Union Square. A sum of money sufficient to start the enterprise has been contributed, and classes will soon be opened. The purpose of the school is stated to be to teach to artisans in wood and in metal the art of designing, and to illustrate the teaching by the exhibition of examples of fine workmanship from the Metropolitan Museum, as has long been done with French artisans, who now lead the world in this department.

The New York *Observer* states that "Colenso is recognized as Bishop of Natal," and in reply to a contradiction, produces a letter from the Bishop of Worcester, affirming the fact. The *Observer* also adds: "It is certainly a very extraordinary state of things."

The facts are that Dr. Colenso was made Bishop by the *State*, in opposition to the protest of a fettered Church. The Church deposed Colenso. This the *Observer* ought to have stated. But the deposition is not regarded as "legal." The Church thereupon consecrates another Bishop to the vacant See. Has she not thus done all she could to clear her skirts of the infamy? There are, however, those who, like the Bishop of Worcester, can bid Godspeed to one who goes out to assist and uphold a heretic bishop. The *Observer*, who thinks this such "an extraordinary state of things," will, we trust, make note of the fact that Dean Stanley, the favorite of the non-Episcopal press and pulpit in this country, at the last meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, not only opposed a vote of censure upon Colenso, but stood up as his staunch defender and champion. Every indication of disapprobation which a public assembly could give, Dean Stanley was made to feel; but he would not be put down. He defended the pseudobishop in his theology, his episcopate, his missionary work, and his dealings with the natives. Is not *this* "a very extraordinary state of things"?

In a later number of the *Observer* we find the Colenso matter again ventilated; and this time it quotes a paragraph from the *Record*, which, without stating that the passage of the vote of censure at the Propagation of the Gospel Society above mentioned was no criterion of the orthodoxy

of that Society (for it was simply a question of reaffirming what had already been asserted by an almost unanimous vote; and some thought there was no necessity for doing again what had already been done), exclaims "Whither are we drifting?" But the *Observer* makes no record of Dean Stanley's course. It closes with the remark that "it is very extraordinary that a Church has no power to deprive an infidel of his office of Bishop." True. But it is also very extraordinary that when the Church has repudiated, and by appointing another in his place, refused to recognize his authority, the *Observer* should neglect to inform its readers of the fact, and also of that other fact that almost the only champion of Colenso is Dean Stanley.

The Rev. Edward Cowley, the head of the Shepherd's Fold in this city, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in regular standing, has been tried and convicted, and has been condemned to one year's imprisonment and a fine of \$250. The charge against him was that of neglect and cruelty to the children under his care. There have not been wanting those who were disposed to sympathize with the prisoner on the ground that the press had rung with denunciations, thus creating a verdict of guilty in the popular mind before the accused had opportunity to be heard. To such an extent was this carried that even the clergymen who came forward to testify in a substantial way their sympathy for a "brother in bonds," have been denounced as actuated by motives which would disgrace a pothouse politician. It was also felt that while awaiting his trial he was treated with unnecessary indignity, being led from his cell manacled to the lowest criminal. But these

things are aside from the merits of the case. In pronouncing sentence the judge stated that the prisoner had had a fair trial, was defended by able counsel, and that the verdict was the only one the jury were warranted by the evidence in rendering. We simply make the record. We have no heart for comment.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Church of the Holy Trinity, corner of Fifth avenue and 125th street, the Rev. R. H. McKim, D.D., rector, was destroyed by fire on the morning of Ash Wednesday. The building cost \$125,000, and was insured for \$50,000. Steps have been promptly taken for the erection of a new edifice.—The seventh annual report of the Parish Mission of St. Clement's church, the Rev. T. A. Eaton, D.D., rector, is a noble record of Christian work of the highest order, done quietly, unobtrusively, but effectually. For its operations there have been received \$3,881.76, and disbursed \$3,626.23. There is also on deposit, as a contingent fund, \$1,767.96. It is a record of ministry to the sick, destitute, and dying, of aid to widowed mothers, and of counsel to the negligent. Besides maintaining a dispensary and infirmary, 6,950 meals have been given, 702 garments distributed, and in all cases the alms have been to the worthy. A cottage was rented for three months, at Asbury Park, where 75 poor persons were enabled to enjoy the benefit of ocean air and bathing. This was done at an expense of \$650.80, in addition to the sum above mentioned.

NEW YORK.—St. Mark's, the Washington Irving Memorial church at Tarrytown, was consecrated Thursday, Feb. 5th. Within a year, through the exertions of its young rector, the Rev. John F. Herlich, its debt of \$26,000 has been paid off.

NEW JERSEY.—On Sunday, Jan. 18, in Trinity church, Asbury Park, Bishop Scarborough confirmed twelve persons.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The new edifice of Christ church, Germantown, was consecrated Tuesday, Feb. 10th. It has recently been rebuilt, having been blown down during the storm of October, 1878.—The Rev. Wm. Rudder, D.D., rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, died at his residence on Thursday, Jan. 29th, in the 58th year of his age.

ILLINOIS.—A clerical retreat was held at the cathedral in Chicago on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the week preceding Lent.

SPRINGFIELD.—Mr. William Elmer, late a Baptist minister, and Mr. Samuel M. Strick, late a Universalist minister, have become candidates for Orders.—On Sunday, Jan. 4th, in St. Paul's church, Springfield, the Rev. Henry C. Whitley, deacon, was ordained priest.

IOWA.—A second Conference of the Bishops of Dioceses west of the Mississippi, was held in Davenport on Wednesday, Jan. 28th. The two following days were devoted to examinations in Griswold College. It was decided to organize a Western Church Building Association. The central expenses for a year were provided for on the spot, so that every dollar contributed will go directly to the erection of churches and parsonages west of the Mississippi.

KENTUCKY.—On Tuesday, Jan. 13th, at Louisville, Bishop Dudley ordained to the diaconate his nephew, Mr. W. D. Powers. Mr. Powers is to take charge of the churches at Elizabeth and Owensboro.

TENNESSEE.—On Sunday, Jan. 4th, at Seewanee, Bishop Quintard ordained to the priesthood the Rev. Pro-

fessor A. Jaeger, formerly the Rabbi of a Jewish synagogue in Mobile, Ala.

TEXAS.—On Sunday, Jan. 4th, in Houston, the new chapel of the Epiphany was opened for divine service.

MISSISSIPPI.—On Sunday, Jan. 18th, in the Church of the Advent, Winona, Bishop Green confirmed four persons.

LOUISIANA.—The Rev. J. N. Galleher, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Louisiana in Trinity church, New Orleans, on Thursday, Feb. 5th.

OREGON.—St. Matthew's Missionary chapel, Portland, was destroyed by a storm on the 9th of January. It was a missionary enterprise among the poor of that part of the city, and the calamity will severely cripple the work.

FOREIGN.—The Bishop of Manchester was on the 15th of January married to Agnes Ellen Frances, daughter of the late John Shute Duncan, LL.D., of Weston Lodge, Bath.—Dr. Pusey has been severely afflicted by the death of his only son.—A sister of Mr. Gladstone died at Cologne last January. She had joined the Church of Rome, and was the inmate of a religious house.—Mr. Mackonochie having paid no regard whatever to the decision of the courts against him, or the admonitions of his Bishop, a new suit has been instituted, having for its object the compelling him to render the obedience required.—The Bishop of Oxford has issued a letter to the clergy of his diocese inviting them to take proper steps for the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Sunday-schools. He proposes to hold in the cathedral at Oxford, on the 1st of July next, a service which is to be

followed by meetings of the clergy and Sunday-school teachers at different places during the week ensuing.

—At a recent meeting, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel took action in reference to the sanction lately given by one of the Bishops of the Church to Dr. Colenso's Dean and Archdeacon, the Rev. Mr. Colley. A resolution was adopted reaffirming the Society's former resolutions refusing to recognize the episcopal authority of Dr. Colenso, and its determination to maintain that of Bishop Macrorie of Natal. Dean Stanley, amidst a storm of disapprobation, actually stood up as the champion of Colenso!—On Thursday, Jan. 29th, the consecration of the church erected as a memorial of the late Dean Hook, took place. The building is a simple stone structure, in the transition style preceding the Early English. It has a clerestory and lancet-windows. The cost, when completed, will be about £20,000.—The Hon. and Very Reverend Augustus Duncombe, D.D., Dean of York, died at the age of sixty-six years, on Sunday, Jan 25th.—The "School Question" has now come up in Austria. The diocesan paper of the Archbishop of Prague publishes a representation signed by the four Bishops of Bohemia and presented to the Ministry, condemning the pernicious separation of the school from the Church, and requesting the Ministry to take measures for the restoration of the legitimate influence of the Roman Catholic clergy on schools and education.

The following statistics of an English Bishop's work for a year, are given to show that their position is not altogether one of ease: Sermons preached, 89; clergy ordained, 50; churches consecrated, 4; churchyards consecrated, 2; churches opened, 23; confirmations held, 63; can-

didates confirmed, 7,211; speeches at public meetings, 40; other addresses given, 152; committee meetings attended, 46; interviews, 474; letters received, 6,744; letters answered with his own hand, 4,529.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

MR. EDITOR: Will you be kind enough to point the way out of the following difficulty? Wheatley, in speaking of the Epiphany, says: "There are three manifestations of our Saviour commemorated this day; all which, St. Chrysostom tells us, happened on the same day, though not the same year, viz: His manifestation by a star which conducted the wise men to come and worship Him, which we commemorate in the Collect and Gospel. The second manifestation was that of the glorious Trinity at His baptism, mentioned in the Second Lesson at Morning Prayer. The Second Lesson at Evening service contains the third, which was the manifestation of the glory and divinity of Christ by His miraculous turning water into wine." Stanhope, in his Paraphrase, speaks in the same way. If this be true, then a whole year, at least, of our Lord's life, between His baptism and His first miracle, must have elapsed without any record, save His temptation, the calling of His Apostles, and His journey into Galilee. This view receives no support from any harmony I have seen; and moreover, the direct narrative of St. John seems to contradict it. K.

[Dr. Jarvis, in his "Introduction to the History of the Church," sets down Jan. 6th, or the Epiphany, as the day of the baptism of our Lord, who "began to be about thirty years of age" at that time. This appears to have been the general opinion. As to the date of the first miracle at the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, the same

writer reasons in this manner: Immediately after His baptism Jesus went into the wilderness, where He endured the forty days' temptation—until February 15th—after which the "Angels came and ministered unto Him." He then returned to Bethabara (John i, 29), where (v. 43) He did not remain long. A month would now elapse before He must be at Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. During this time, perhaps on the feast of Purim, Feb. 28th and March 1st, the wedding in Galilee took place, not on the 6th of January.

St. Chrysostom probably accepted the opinion entertained by Irenæus and some others among the ancient writers, that our Lord's ministry continued many years. One passage in Irenæus would lead one to suppose that he believed that ministry to have continued twenty years.]

In our last, under the head of Notes and Queries, a correspondent asked for information respecting a picture entitled "The Hospitality of St. Julian." A lady in reply sends us the following:

For full account of St. Julian see Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art, page 387. Of the picture mentioned by V. W. in THE CHURCH MONTHLY for February, it says: "The beautiful subject called the 'Hospitality of St. Julian,' represents him ferrying travellers over the stream, while his wife stands at the door of their home, holding a light. The picture by Allori, in the Palazzo Pitti, is a *chef d'œuvre* as regards both painting and expression. The bark with the leprous youth has just touched the shore, a man stands at the helm, and Julian, with an expression of benign solicitude, receives the fainting pilgrim in his arms. In the background his wife, with a light in her hand, appears to be welcoming some poor travellers. Here St. Julian is arrayed as a hermit and penitent, with a loose gown and a venerable beard."

As our readers may be curious to learn the legend of St. Julian, we give it as told by Mrs. Jameson :

ST. JULIAN HOSPITATOR.

Count Julian was a nobleman, who lived in his castle in great state and prosperity ; he spent his days in hunting and his nights in feasting. One day, as he was hunting in the forest, he started a deer and pursued it over hill and dale. Suddenly the miserable and affrighted creature turned around and opened his mouth and said "Thou, who pursuest me to the death, shalt cause the death of thy father and thy mother!" And when Julian heard these words he stood still ; remorse and fear came over him ; and, as the only means of averting this fatal prophecy, he resolved to flee from his home. So he turned his horse's head, and travelled into a far distant country.

Now it happened that the king of that country was a munificent and gracious prince, who received Julian with all honor, and entertained him in his service. Julian distinguished himself greatly, both at the court and in war, so that the king knighted him and gave him to wife a rich and beautiful widow, with whom he lived for some years in great happiness, and had well nigh forgotten the terrible prophecy.

In the meantime the father and the mother of Julian lamented the loss of their only son, and they sent messengers everywhere, into all the surrounding provinces, in search of him ; and hearing no tidings, they put on the habits of pilgrims, and went themselves in search of their lost son.

And it happened one night, when Julian was absent at the court, they arrived at his castle, and knocked at the gate, and Basilissa, the wife of Julian, who was a good and a pious woman, received them hospitably ; but when she learned who they were, she was filled with exceeding joy, waited upon them at supper, as became a dutiful daughter, and yielded them her own bed in which to repose after their journey. And the next morning, at early matins, she went to the neighboring church to thank God for this great mercy. In the meantime Julian returned, and straightway entered his own chamber ; and

seeing by the imperfect light two people in bed, and one of them a bearded man, he was seized with jealous fury, and drawing his sword, slew them both on the spot. Then rushing out of the house, he met his wife, who was returning from the church, and he asked her, staring wide in astonishment, "Who then are in my bed?" and she replied "Thy father and thy mother, who have been seeking thee for long years over all the world, and I have laid them in our bed." And while he heard these words, Julian remained as one stupefied and half dead. And then he wept bitterly, and wrung his hands, and said "Alas ! by what evil fortune is this, that what I sought to avoid has come to pass? Farewell, my sweet sister ! I can never again lie by thy side, until I have been pardoned by Christ Jesus for this great sin." And she answered him : "Nay, my brother. Can I allow thee to depart, and without me? Thy grief is my grief, and whither thou goest, I will go."

So they departed together, and travelled till they came to the bank of a great river, which was often swollen by torrents from the mountains, so that many in endeavoring to pass it, perished miserably. And there did Julian found a cell of penance for himself, and near to it an hospital for the poor ; and by day and night, in Summer and Winter, he ferried the travellers across this torrent, without fee or reward.

One night in the depth of Winter, when the flood had broken its icy bonds, and was raging horribly, he heard in the pauses of the storm a mournful voice, which called to him across the stream ; and he arose immediately, and found on the opposite bank a youth, who was a leper, and who appeared to be dying from fatigue and cold. He brought him over the river, and carried him in his arms, and laid him in his own bed, notwithstanding that he was a leper, and he and his wife watched by him till the morning. When it dawned, the leper rose up in the bed, and his face was transformed, and appeared to them as that of an angel of light, and he said "Julian, the Lord hath sent me to thee ; for thy penitence is accepted, and thy rest is near at hand,"

and then vanished from their sight. Then Julian and his wife fell upon their faces, and thanked God for all His mercies ; and shortly afterwards, being full of years and good works, they slept with the Lord.

Roumanian matrimony and divorce have often furnished material for foreign comment, but the following incident gives a better idea of the connubial situation here, than columns of ordinary description would convey. A marriage had been arranged, and while the two *patresfamiliares* were discussing the financial arrangements a quarrel ensued, which soon threatened to break off the match. A relative interfered as a peacemaker, and silenced the angry passions by the suggestion that it would be a great scandal to prevent the marriage after it had been announced, and that the wedding should come off, and then a separation could be arranged if necessary, and no scandal would result from it.—*London Times*.

LYING IN THE SHADE.—At Ulwar the political agent wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road in front of the shops, for the purpose of giving shade, and had decided to put in peepul-trees, which are considered sacred by the Hindoos ; but the *bunniahs* (or native shopkeepers), one and all, declared that if this were done, they would not take the shops ; and when pressed for a reason, replied "It was because they could not tell untruths or swear falsely under their shade," adding "and how can we carry on business otherwise?" The force of this argument seems to have been acknowledged, as the point was yielded, and other trees have been planted instead.

A few days later, when we were at Delhi, I had an opportunity of assuring myself of the correctness of this anecdote. A Hindoo merchant brought some goods for sale to the bungalow where we were staying. His wares being very dear, I said to him "Would you ask so much if you were standing under a peepul-tree?" He replied "No." I rejoined, "Suppose yourself in that position, and tell me what, under those circumstances, would be the price of the article I require?" The merchant at once

named a lower, and I believe a correct, sum.—*Mrs. Aynsley's Visit to Hindostan*.

HOW AN OWL'S HEAD REVOLVES.—A writer in the *American Naturalist*, who had read a story about an owl wringing his own neck by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a specimen, and placed him on top of a post. "It was not difficult," says the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. When I was half way round, his head was directly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed and still the same twist of the neck and the same stare followed me. One circle, and no change. On I went, twice round, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I failed to notice before. When I reached half-way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time. I repeated the experiment many times afterward on the same bird, and I had always to watch carefully to detect the movement of the readjustment of his gaze."

Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, the brother of two prominent business men of New York, says *Harper's Weekly*, has two boys named for those two brothers. Scene—the Bishop's house. Persons—the Bishop and his boys. George (*loquitur*)—"Yes, father, I am going to be a clergyman." Bishop—"Ed, are you going to be a clergyman too?" Edward—"No, father ; I think I had better be a New York merchant—to take care of George."

Editor's Book Table.

THE CONFLICT OF CHRISTIANITY WITH HEATHENISM. By Gerhard Uhlhorn, Abbot of Lorcum, and Member of the Supreme Consistory in Hanover. Edited and Translated, with the Author's sanction, from the third German edition, by Egbert C. Smyth and C. J. H. Roper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the most interesting as well as instructive studies, whether for clergyman or layman, is that of the early conflicts of Christianity. The story of primitive trials, struggles, endurance, and fervent piety, as told by Cave in his *Primitive Christianity*, seems almost beyond belief. But every writer since his day finds it abundantly proved in his researches. In the early part of that most valuable work by Dr. Shedd, '*The History of Christian Doctrine*,' we have an account of the intellectual conflicts of the early fathers with heathenism, and a tracing of the resemblance between the issues of that day and those of modern times. Here in Dr. Uhlhorn's work, we have the whole history down to the time of the death of Julian. A valuable feature is a constant reference to authorities, of which there is a long list at the end of the work. The sketches are most vivid. We note particularly Chapter II. on *The Moral Condition of the Heathen World*, and Chapter III. on *The Christians*. We had marked some pages in Cave, to give our readers as Lent reading; but the same ground is gone over in the third chapter of this work, from which we make a selection in another column.

To the laity, particularly, we would commend this work, not only for its absorbing interest, but also as showing how the theories and arguments of the latest infidels are but the re-

animation of errors that were successfully controverted in the early ages of Christianity.

THOUGHTS ON GREAT MYSTERIES. Selected from the Works of Frederick William Faber, D.D. With an Introduction by J. S. Purdy, D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

The reader of this volume has before him a rare treat. A style, beautiful, poetic, devout, combined with logical fidelity in reasoning, and always with a practical bearing—these are the merits of Faber as a writer. He is widely known as a poet, and among those who some quarter of a century ago stood side by side with Keble, his name was held in honor and love. But he became a convert to the Church of Rome, where he turned his attention to theology, and where he became known as a writer of prose. This volume consists of choice selections from such of these essays as are not in advocacy or defence of the doctrines of that Church. They are twenty in number, and are ranged under the heads of '*Creation*,' '*The Incarnation*,' '*Redemption Through the Precious Blood*,' and '*Sanctification*.' Price \$1.25.

KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE. By Frances Ridley Havergal. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

Anything from the pen of this author, one would expect to find edifying. Nor would he be disappointed in this book. It was Miss Havergal's last production; and though she read the revised proofs, it was not published until after her death. The reading is much more earnest and thoughtful than would be anticipated from the titles of her chapters—'*Our Hands Kept for Jesus*,' '*Our Feet Kept for Jesus*,' '*Our Lips Kept for Jesus*,' &c.

THE AGES BEFORE MOSES: A Series of Lectures on the Book of Genesis. By John Monro Gibson, D.D., Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Second Thousand. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

The author is well known as one of the most able divines of his denomination in the West. The lectures present the results of much learning and research in a popular form and style. Most of them were delivered extemporaneously, and are reported as they were published. This imparts the additional charm of vivacity, for the sake of which one can readily excuse whatever graces of style might have adorned a carefully-written composition. They are highly interesting and instructive reading.

A HANDBOOK TO THE BIBLE: Being a Guide to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, derived from Ancient Monuments and Modern Explorations. By R. F. Conder and C. R. Conder, C.E. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

The principal results of the researches of the past century in matters pertaining to the study of the Scriptures, are here given in a compact form. Open the book where one will, his attention can hardly fail to be arrested. Long-debated questions, whether of chronology, meteorology, physical and civil geography, or temple ritual, are elucidated. The reader will be surprised to observe how thoroughly the testimony of the monuments confirms the correctness of Bible statement, sometimes disclosing a literal accuracy where commentators had thought it necessary to devise theories to explain what seemed to be irreconcilable with the statements of profane history. Stackhouse, and Horne, and Newton, and Prideaux, and others, can never cease to be of value in a cler-

gyman's library; but modern scholarship and research have brought to light facts which these worthies would have rejoiced to know. And he who would keep abreast with the times, must track the footsteps of Layard and Rawlinson and Schleimann; and in Palestine, of the engineers and scholars of the Exploration Society.

THE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS: An Examination of Archbishop Gibbons' "Faith of our Fathers." By the Rev. Edward J. Stearns, D.D. Second edition revised. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

A most timely book. The Roman Church is a powerful and compact organization, moving with the solidity of an army, and not without strategy and the use of means considered questionable in morals, but regarded as "justifiable in war." Of late years that Church has through its various agencies, been unusually active, with a determined effort, if possible, whether by fair means or foul, to bring the world under its sway. We welcome, therefore, a work like the above named, in which the author enters the lists with an Archbishop, drives him from one position to another, and shows what Romanism is, bringing to light those deformities and falsehoods which its champions would gladly conceal.

The arguments of Archbishop Gibbons' work are fairly met and answered. The style is vigorous and vivacious. The book is one which once taken up, the reader will not care to lay down until he reaches the close. Price \$1.25.

The Sermon preached by the Bishop of Long Island at the consecration of the Bishop of Northern New Jersey, is admirable in every respect. The subject is "Some of the Alleged Faults of the Ministry Considered." While it is shown that in some re-

spects the Ministry is unjustly blamed, it is admitted that in others it is not without fault. We wish the discourse might be extensively read.

The Rev. Henry A. Dows has written an essay on Preaching without Notes. It will be found full of practical suggestions of great value to one wishing to acquire the art of extemporaneous preaching. The writer concludes—very justly, we think—that it is possible “for any one possessed of ordinary powers of mind to preach without notes, not because he has any special gifts, but because he has trained himself properly.” The great danger attending extemporaneous preaching is that when one finds himself fluent, he is apt to rely upon that attainment, to the neglect of thorough preparation. It should be regarded as an indispensable qualification that one, first, by years of practice in writing sermons, both form a style and make himself familiar with the range of theological topics. Then let him learn to extemporize. He will study from habit, and his sentences will flow in their wonted channel. T. Whittaker, publisher. Price 20 cents.

While we have in *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and other magazines, original articles and illustrations of which Americans well may boast, there is presented to us in *Appleton's* some of the very choicest specimens of magazine literature selected from the highest class publications in England. *Appleton's Journal* for March opens with the first of a most charming sketch in three parts “The Return of the Princess.” It discloses the interior of the royal harem in Cairo. This is followed by the conclusion of the Duke of Argyll's First Impressions of the New World. The article on Russian Nihilism by Fritz Cun-

liffe-Owen, not only describes that fearful monster, but explains the reason for its existence. A very skilfully written satire is taken from *Blackwood*, entitled A Turkish Effendi on Christendom and Islam. Artists and amateurs will read with interest the article on flesh color. W. G. Blakie in his article on Life at High Pressure, shows that there are two sides to this question, and that no small advantage comes from what is sometimes styled overwork. The writer of “The Restoration of the Jews,” takes the ground that such restoration is neither practicable nor desirable. Seamy Side is continued. The other articles are Theophile Gautier, Poems by Francois Coppee, and the usual Editor's Table and books of the day.

Those who have had the good fortune to read the “Colorado Papers” in preceding numbers of *Harper's Monthly*, will of course turn first in the March magazine to “Vacation Aspects.” It is quite as interesting as the rest of the series have been. Mr. Hayes always impresses one with the feeling that his statements are true. Of course the fine illustrations lend additional charm, and help to make our own quiet Eastern folk long to “go West.” “Dakota Wheat Fields,” by C. C. Coffin, possesses in a measure the same sort of interest. Of the illustrations, however, those by Mr. Gibson in his “Winter Idyl,” are by far the finest and most artistic, and his “Snow Flakes of Memory,” and his witch-hazel, twined gracefully about the pages, are almost as poetical as his prose. “The New School of Italian Painting and Sculpture,” is illustrated with engravings of paintings by Morelli, Chierci, Vineia, Conti, and Gelli, and of statuary by Gallori and Albano. An exceptionally sweet story, is a romance

of Swedish life, by Z. B. Gustafson, called "Karin," and "Miss Beulah's Bonnet," a short story by Rose Terry Cooke, is in her best style, and well worth reading. There are additional chapters of the serial, and several other articles of more or less interest. Of the four poems, though Paul H. Hayne's "Snow Messengers" is in some parts exceedingly graceful, yet Mr. Longfellow's is the gem of the collection, and so appropriate for this season, that we cannot do better than give it in full to our readers :

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you,
that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke xxii.
31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old

Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all

Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;

No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace

Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;

Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat

The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

We are sorry to learn that a Church paper published in Detroit, under the name of *Our Dioceses*, is to cease its

existence. It will be merged in its enterprising contemporary, *The Living Church*. We shall miss it, for it was an able paper, and its last issue contains an editorial on The Bane of Ireland, which rings out like the music of the dying swan.

Scribners' Magazine for March gives a large share of its pages to 'The Tile Club Afloat,' which is profusely illustrated by its various members. The second instalment of 'Notes by a Walker' is calculated to give additional interest to country life. Mr. Burroughs is a fresh, graceful writer, and bungles only when he attempts to point a moral. Eugene Schuyler's historical serial, 'Peter the Great,' with its fine illustrations, is an interesting feature. But perhaps the article most worthy of the attention of the general public, is 'The Wards of the United States Government,' by H. H.—a clear and uncolored account of some of the outrages of our Government against the Indians. We should be glad to quote the entire article, did our space permit. As it is, we are pleased to know that it will have the publicity which the immense circulation of *Scribner* will give it. It traces up the history of the relations of our Government with the Indian tribes, and shows that it has been one unbroken story of wrong and outrage on the part of the powerful against the weak; while the murders and massacres by the savages have always been in retaliation. It is gratifying to know that the Indian question is being thoroughly discussed by the Press. It is possible that the time may come when public opinion shall even reach Congress, and shame that body for its sanction of the most dishonorable acts of which a nation can be guilty—the violation of treaties.

St. Nicholas for March comes to us at such a late hour that we can do no more than give a brief outline of its contents. It contains Alfred Tennyson's Child-song, 'Minnie and Winnie,' set to music; and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson's revised score of the music for the Laureate's other *St. Nicholas* song, 'The City Child.' 'The Disadvantages of City Boys,' by Washington Gladden, appears in this number. It is based on actual facts, and is a stirring talk with boys on a subject of vital interest to them. They will find pleasure, too, in the seasonable 'Out-door' paper, 'Kite Time,' by Daniel C. Beard, which gives diagrams and full instructions how to make and fly kites of all sorts and shapes. Among the short stories are: 'Chy Lung,' an illustrated tale about a Chinese fisher lad's curious adventures; 'Buttercup Gold,' by Laura E. Richards, telling how a little girl found gold through boiling buttercups; 'The Tea-kettle Light,' with a picture by A. C. Redwood, a true account of how a New England boy made illuminating gas from birch bark. Of the two serials, the instalment of Louisa M. Alcott's 'Jack and Jill,' with two fine pictures by Dielman, brings its young people into a peck of troubles; and William O. Stoddard's 'Among the Lakes,' illustrated by Taber, tells how its boys and girls enjoyed themselves in the old farmhouse. A commander of the United States Navy, with the aid of pictures by R. Riordan, describes the 'Gathering of Caoutchouc in Nicaragua'; and John Keiler, in an article entitled 'Longitude 180°,' explains how travellers lose a day going to China from San Francisco and gain a day on the return voyage. One of the striking illustrations is a portrait of 'Babie Stuart,' the infant daughter of Charles I., engraved by Müller after the paint-

ing by Vandyck. The departments 'For Very Little Folk,' 'Jack-in-the Pulpit,' 'Young Contributors,' 'Letter-Box,' and 'Riddle-Box,' have varied and lively items, some from the boys and girls themselves.

The *Nature* says that M. E. Lavasseur has invented an amusing and instructive geographical game called "Tour du Monde." It is played on a large terrestrial globe divided into 232 spherical rectangles, each of which has a number corresponding to a number on a list, indicating gains or losses, in accordance with the nature of the rectangle to which it belongs. The game is played with 18 flags corresponding to the principal States in the world, from China, the most populous, down to Holland, the least populous. A brass slip from pole to pole contains 18 holes into which the flags are successively placed by the players at each revolution, commencing at the south pole and moving northward. The gains and losses correspond with the nature of the facts indicated in the same space above which a flag may stand when the globe stops revolving. Thus London counts 30, Paris 20, and so on according to population. A coal mine, a Manchester cotton factory, a grain centre, all count for gains; while meeting a Zulu or a lion in Africa, a storm in the Atlantic or Pacific, a crocodile in the Nile, being caught in Polar ice, &c., count for losses. Thus it will be seen the new game is calculated to afford considerable excitement as well as instruction.

The oldest Bishop in the Church of England is Bishop Ollivant, of Llandaff, aged 82; the youngest, the Right Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, aged 44. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. John Robert Darley, Bishop of Kilmore, aged 80; the youngest, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 46. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, (Primus,) aged 76; the youngest, the Right Rev. George Richard Mackarness, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 57.

BANE OF IRELAND.

Some of our Roman Catholic contemporaries cannot understand what the Papacy has to do with Ireland's present distress. Much every way. The Pope's opposition to liberal education of the masses, underlies very largely not only the poverty and crime of the Emerald Isle, but of every land where he has an influence. As intelligence reigns, there are providence, economy, enterprise, skill, and order; people do not live from hand to mouth, and failure of crops does not find them entirely unprovided for a rainy day. Priestly hatred of the free schools of this country will have a like effect upon this class of community in the future. Children are taken from secular to inferior schools of the Church. Result will be that they will not be educated equally with those with whom they must strive in the struggle of life. Hence on the principle of the survival of the fittest, they will always occupy subordinate station. A famine may visit our happy land, and then these will be the first to cry out. Prussia overcame both Austria and France because educated soldiery faced ignorant peasantry. England rules Ireland because a free Bible moulds the morals, and a somewhat liberal education enlarges the mind of the people. Broad heads and high foreheads sway the world. Pretext may be made that cultivation of the intellect to the neglect of soul, involves spiritual ruin. So it may; but cultivation of the soul to the neglect of intellect, involves superstition. Safer, far, to educate brain and heart! Certainly mere mechanical formulas to train the soul as Rome has persistently tried them, fail either in intellectual or moral growth. Her educational appliances have not lifted Spain out of cockpits and bull-fighting; Italy, where the assumed viceregent of God has reigned these thousand years, out of pauperism and crime; and Ireland out of chronic sedition and abject superstition. If Rome be the One True Church entrusted with the education of the mind and heart of man, no need of much strife to overcome secular schools. Bring forth fruits! If her plans produce better scholars, more upright citizens, and consistency of Christian character, the issue will soon

be decided. All men will flock to her tuition. Trouble is she does not inspire confidence in this direction. Outside her very school doors most profanity is heard, saloons too often open to her worshippers fresh from solemnities of her altars, poor-houses fill with outcasts from her charities, and prisons groan with unhappy victims, who even to the last blindly cling to her forms. Even her priests, who ought to be the best outcome of her system, show nothing of superior training. Although thousands in number in this country, they have produced comparatively nothing in science, art, learning and literature. They have not, do not mould the thought of the land, or of any single part of it. Within her walls the very slumber of death sits down upon free expansion of mind. By their fruits ye shall know them. Truth will bring forth results. Just as whole truth contests with error, so best advance is made in elevation of men. Whatever truth there be in Islamism coming in contact with Arabian paganism, produced the civilization of Mohammedanism. Roman Christianity operating upon Greek and rude northern heathenism, resulted in the civilization of medieval times. A higher truth, a whole Gospel has brought forth England, Prussia, Holland, Sweden, and United States. When chains of papal ignorance shall fall off from Ireland, it will indeed be Ireland for the Irish, in spite of English power. Her people, instead of begging from all creation whenever pressure comes, will learn to save out of plenty against scarcity; manufactures and commerce and thousand resources will lift above dependence merely upon products of the soil, and misrule as well as squalor will betake themselves from the land.

It was not ever thus in the Emerald Isle! Before Rome came, her own Catholic Church disseminated learning and a pure Gospel. Her real complaint against the Norman, is that conquest of her land brought thralldom to her ancient faith. This is the famine that has kept her soul lean. This is the bane of her people! Meanwhile until God releases her, let sweet charity rejoice to supply temporal needs! — *Our Dioceses.*

[From The New York Evangelist.]

“WHO TOUCHED ME?”

LUKE VIII. 45.

O, for one touch!

Blessed the ground His sacred feet do press,
The ground swept o'er by that strange seamless dress!
O, to get near Him, for this wretchedness
Is all too much!

Closer to come!

This weary, trembling, aching heart, so slow
To find the remedy for all its woe,
Hath many schemes devised; but now doth know
What may be done.

O, to come near!

Let jostling crowds of hopeless fears give way,
And unbelieving thoughts no more hold sway;
Relief, long sought, will surely come to-day,
For He is here!

No! not to stand

With bold self-confidence and press my claim,
But of His garment humbly touch the hem,
While softly whispering in my heart His name,
Reach, trembling hand!

“Who toucheth me?”

“Have mercy, Lord; from Satan's bonds release!”
“Thy faith hath saved thee, daughter! Go in peace!”
Ah! quickly doth each venomed poison cease,
When bid by Thee!

E. C.

A HELPMEEET.

On one of the heights in Greenwich Park stands a complex building. The main part of it is like a dome with curious turrets added to it, and the whole is surmounted by a flag-staff pointing to the sky. That building on the site of good Duke Humphrey's tower of Mirefleur, with its chivalric, mediæval memories, is as old as the older parts of the great Hospital; and still the purpose of the Tower is not served, or its day past. In it “the fairy tales of science” have taken the place of old romance, working with a power to which romance never attained, even over its chosen heroes. Europe and the world acknowledge the guidance of that tower, with its finger-post pointing to the heavens, and in a sense submit to it. The ships which have sailed from London Bridge, Deptford, and Gravesend, since Drake dropped down the river, and long before Cook weighed anchor, have obeyed the indications given forth from this tower, and looked to it for directions as to a guiding star; for “the blue sky

bends over all” in God's beneficence, and the stars themselves, which run their courses in that sky, serve as never-failing lighthouses, shedding trails of light across the blank pathway of water. The sky controls sea and river in more ways than one, and bends over the sailor at the helm, in the midst of the shoreless ocean, more closely than over the landsman with his many varied friends and teachers of mountain, plain, rock, wood, city, and hamlet. So the Greenwich Observatory, on its hill overlooking the green glades, sandy hollows, and giant trees, is, in a sort, the feudal castle or capital, the patron and protector of the neighboring tower, and of the ships with their forests of masts which lie below.

In the Royal Observatory of Greenwich literal and practical star-gazers, the chief of their high guild in England, have resided and presided ever since the fables of astrology died with other superstitions out of men's heads, from Flamsteed, in the reign of the Merry Monarch, to Airy, in

that of good Queen Victoria. There they have sojourned, taking their observations, making their discoveries, noting, night by night, the planetary changes, testing the progress of time and the instruments which measure it. A lofty, abstracted life, one would think these astronomers must lead; but it is certain that what of grand vagueness and everlasting speculation belongs to it, is balanced and corrected by the necessity for absolute accuracy, for the finest calculations, for regularity as unswerving as the strokes of a pendulum, for proven deductions when the field is not as yet solid and abiding, but is intangible ether, set with shifting sparks of fire. The astronomers, royal and plebeian, like Shylock the Jew, are much on the model of other men, after all. If you tickle them, they will laugh; if you prick them, they will bleed; they love and hate, wage war with pen and ink and paper, though the questions in dispute be exceptionally abstruse; they marry, and rear children, after the same fashion as their brethren grubbing in the earth, with their heads forever declined over ledgers, in mouldy offices, where the light of the sun enters by dust-begrimed and cobwebbed windows, and into the sordid recesses of which one can hardly believe that the moon and the stars will condescend to look.

Among these men—wise with the craft of the old Chaldeans, but very human, sometimes very simple—was Dr. Holland. He was a little man—not handsome, but with a kind of natural elegance about him, although he was of peasant extraction, as if he had derived harmony of pose and motion from the harmony of the spheres. His best feature was his eyes, which were not puckered together, dragged out, or scorched up, but large, lustrous, looking far into the distance. They were vigilant, yet dreaming dreams in their vigils, as if they too were borrowed from the starry sky. He was about fifty years of age, but sallow and worn as he was, he still looked young with a half-pathetic, half-glorious youthfulness, for he was young in the world's ways, and young because of the everlasting youth of knowledge; by right of which an aged philosopher will have more of the fire, the ingenuous-

ness of youth than a *blase*, dissipated boy, or an exhausted fast young lady can hope to possess. The spirit which was in him over-mastered the body and strained it by an unquenchable hunger and thirst after wisdom, a noble panting of the finite to comprehend the infinite. There was a fascination about Dr. Holland. He walked, as it were, over the heads of men. A peculiar tenderness was felt for him; when he descended from his mountain summits, and went—a stumbling stranger—in beaten, miry paths, there was an inclination to take him by the hand and lead him along in safety and honor.

In curious combination with his elegance, Dr. Holland was an absent-minded, almost an awkward, man. Only his awkwardness was never ungainly; it was the awkwardness of a gracious, graceful creature, rapt in other things, and therefore liable to a sort of acquired and factitious awkwardness, which did not sit ill upon him—nay, was even picturesque, standing out as it did against his innate dignity and refinement.

His genius was acknowledged; his reputation established; and he himself so famous, that though born under a cottage roof, and nurtured among kindly gaffers and gammers, he ended by being the sympathetic friend, the cherished correspondent, of the Keplers and Le Verriers of his day; and yet it was written of him that he was condemned to struggle with gnawing disappointment. So much was to be done, such heights were to be scaled, and Dr. Holland had done so little after all. The heights were so unattainable to human strength and swiftness. The farthest height, the greatest secret of the universe, baffled the farthest forward of the inquirers, till his day was spent, and his place on earth empty, with his heap of data (in the gathering of which he had toiled for half a century) lost perhaps, or misinterpreted or misapplied by his successors. Well might Albert Dürer's *Melancolia* sit crowned with poppies—the flower of oblivion—and leaning her head on her hand, gaze sadly on lever, screw, and wheel, as being unable in the end to solve the world's deep problems. This dim dissatisfaction and dash of melancholy did

not form the lot of Dr. Holland alone; they form part of the inheritance of all great seekers, and an instinctive appreciation of such men's blameless weakness in this respect, may lie at the root of that pitying tenderness which is felt by common men for their leaders.

In addition, Dr. Holland had held too high an ideal of the acquirements possible in life, even including the gains of friendship and love, notwithstanding that he was a reasonably happy man in his home-life and family affections. He was a good husband, and had a good wife, though she was not nearly so popular as a woman as Dr. Holland was as a man. She was generally regarded as one of those every-day, commonplace women, who are often the portion of distinguished men, serving, if in no other respect, at least to dilute their partner's brilliance. Mrs. Holland was, in person, an altogether insignificant woman. She wore ancient black mode and scoured silks. She might have been a beauty in her youth; but while her husband still looked in his prime, she, who was ten years younger, and but an ordinary housewife, had fallen away from rosy plumpness to pickled thinness. Dr. Holland was likewise the kind father of promising children; but notwithstanding, he was somewhat of an isolated man in his watch-tower, guarding the transits of his planets.

In course of time Dr. Holland, in spite of his esteem and affection for his wife, had grown in a degree disunited from her, and in consequence from his children. It was not that wife and children were not his greatest admirers, but that they were not familiar with him in proportion to the nearness of their relation to him; and into this comparative distance there had crept a coldness. It was as if the husband and wife had grown so far out of acquaintance, and the children had failed to bring them nearer. The man himself was hardly conscious of this fact. His whole life—bountiful and triumphant as it might have appeared to a more shallow man—had been to him toned down and shadowed by disappointment, which might have grown upon him, saddening him heavily, even embittering him, had it not been combated by his faith and

manliness. As it was, he took it for granted that, as there was failure in everything, there must be failure in domestic relations, and that the terms on which he stood with his wife and children were the only terms possible or proper for them to maintain. Therefore he was almost contented to have the bread on which he sought to be nourished, in so intimate and delicate a quarter, half a stone. He was incapable of deliberate disloyalty to his wife and children; he was not even sensible that he was inadvertently disloyal to them. Keen as his perceptions were, there was a limit to their keenness, or rather, over-active here, they were dormant there.

Dr. Holland, while yet young, had married one of the most conscientious and quiet-natured of women, who had been reared entirely by women. She had been so engrossed by her anxiety to do her part well as a woman and as wife, that she had failed to sympathize with his part as man and husband, or else her sympathy had been so undemonstrative that he had missed seeing and securing it. Her scrupulous exactness, her nervous finicalness in the fulfilment of obligations, and her exaggerated view of the importance of these obligations, were constantly condemning her, as falling short of her own rigid standard. This gave Mrs. Holland something of the unpleasantness of a pharisee, and yet she was neither haughty nor hypocritical; but she had no more than divided interest and attention to spare to her husband's aims and aspirations. Young Mrs. Holland would gently beg to be excused from trying, at the moment he wished, the new, fine lens of his telescope, because she had to look after the wash or the bread-baking, according to the notable practices of her generation. When she was looking out with him for an eclipse of the moon, or the transit of a satellite of Jupiter, she would get so busy with the stocking she was darning, or the frill she was hemming for him, that she would forget all besides, and omit to ask her turn of inspection, or would even inquire innocently what he alluded to when he burst out into exclamations of wonder and admiration. And withal, she was an intelligent, though ignorant, young

woman, and could be instructed and stirred up in her latent enthusiasm when she let her intelligence have fair play. But the intelligence, constrained and cramped as it was, narrowed day by day. The narrowness increased after children were born to her, and she was full of her duties as a mother, as well as of her duties as a wife. It is true, her heart was fed; but granting *heartily* the heart's supremacy, a good woman is not made of heart alone: and this good woman's mind was starved.

Dr. Holland learnt the experience and witnessed the process with half-unconfessed surprise and mortification, and though he strove sternly against the last manifestation, with a little contempt, in course of years he accepted the situation so far as to believe that he was to blame in expecting anything else. A wife had one sphere, a husband had another. There was no such thing between husband and wife as thorough companionship and entire partnership, with their intimate confidences. He left Thirza to manage the house and the children, and he was thankful that he could trust her thoroughly to fill her place while he was withdrawn from her to occupy his post, with which he had no call or capacity to meddle.

In the same way the children were removed from Dr. Holland in their tasks and amusements. Of course there was an intermediate ground on which they could meet and be friendly, all the while that Dr. Holland and his wife and family were comparative strangers to each other. They were well disposed, but each knew only his or her own tongue, with no more than a bare smattering of another language, so that they could not, with the best will, hold anything save a slight and stunted intercourse together.

Dr. Holland indulged but moderately in any fault-finding with his wife and children, or any coveting for them of other qualities than those which they had inherited and developed. His wife was a good woman, better than he deserved; the boys were fine boys, and he was justly proud of them and of the girls, though he had no title to boast of them. If only Thirza had been a shade less prim

and precise, and if the children were not quite so tame and decorous—well, it would be a relief to him. He supposed it was perverse in him to desire these questionable improvements. He did not know, learned man and astronomer royal though he was, that the protest was a revolt of the man's nature against the defects which had cheated him out of his due.

But all this time Thirza's heart, as has been said, was being educated more highly than her head, more highly even than her husband's heart. The woman had her children for her closest associates and dearest friends, while the man, though he had his men friends, was without entire substitutes for his wife and children. In this advantage there was an unfairness to the man. Be that as it may, through her heart there came gradually enlargement and enlightenment to Thirza's intellectually narrow womanhood. She was now an older woman in more than years, and she was no longer content with the position which she and her children occupied in regard to the husband and father, as he was beginning to be content with it. If she had to live her married life over again, she would act in many details differently, though it might be on the same principle. She would be more liberal both to herself and to him, more mindful of essentials than of accessories, more careful of her husband's confidence than of his comfort.

The wheels of wedlock might not have run so smoothly in that case; there might have been hitches and jolts; but if there had been deeper love and higher duty on the road where the hitches and jolts occurred, such would have only thrown the occupants of the car more together, and not condemned them to slide apart.

However, time had passed, habits were established, and Thirza Holland, like most quiet, methodical women, was tempted to be the slave of habit. She was shy, too—as sensitive in her way as her husband was in his; and if she had not been haughty in those days when she was pragmatical about trifles, she was certainly humble and backward, instead of forward, since she had grown wiser.

Dr. Holland was engaged in a momentous observation of a "clock star." There had been a deviation in its course, for which he accounted by an explanation of his own. To verify this, an intent watch of the sky on the nights when the star was visible, became imperative. Never had shepherd to keep a more unslumbering eye on his fleecy flock, than the moon-herd and star-gazer had to keep on the flock made up of golden patins studding the sky; and Dr. Holland was exposed to such an amount of adverse influences of the elements, as could not beset a rustic shepherd of the plain. On the whole, he was patient, as a philosopher ought to be, smothering his excitement, and keeping it to himself. The custom might not afford relief, or be the most healthy for himself, or prove the justest, most generous treatment of his neighbor; but it had one recommendation—cold as it was, it promoted outward tranquillity, and failed to torment where it had not conferred honor, or imparted knowledge and happiness. It was a period of years now since Thirza had known when Dr. Holland was making one of his great experiments—measuring this spot on the sun, or analyzing that comet's tail. These investigations were made on the sacred ground of the upper floors, among mysterious instruments, some of them self-acting, with audible throbs and restless jars like living creatures; and where nothing short of her own impending decease, or the danger of one of the children, would at last have carried Thirza, unbidden.

She and her sons and daughters inhabited the lower portion of the building. It still commanded a notable view of the domes of the Hospital, the tower of Greenwich, the docks, the Isle of Dogs, the thick-set shipping running up to London and down to Gravesend in the distance, on strips and basins of water, varying in color from gray to green, like the skin of a chameleon. Depending from the building was the hanging green-garden. Close to it the world came pressing to learn the world's time by the great Observatory dial, and to contemplate one of the three best prospects of the great English river, with its freight, the

woodland park, and the vast pile of chimney stacks, walls, gables, church spires, half revealed through their pall of smoke.

To the family rooms, Dr. Holland paid visits at stated intervals, and was always received with great deference, which was not without affectionateness, but the affectionateness was curbed and crushed. He was mostly bland, and sometimes he unbent so far as an attempt at playfulness. But commonly he was silent and abstracted, taking his domestic pleasure very soberly, enduring rather than reciprocating faint touches of familiarity on the part of his household. There was a good deal of the French domestic element in Dr. Holland's intercourse with his family, if it be remembered that he had nothing of Gallic lightness and flexibility, but a large inheritance of English gravity and ponderousness, elegant though he was, both mentally and bodily. There was French politeness in his elaborate, careful remembrance of Thirza. He attended her to the Hospital and the town festivities, and walked with her and his family on the slopes beneath the chestnut trees, and the few dark Scotch fir trees which, like stragglers from a Cameronian regiment, have broken in upon and diversified the uniform lines of chestnut and elms, by occupying the sandy ground that descends from the brow of the hill on which the Observatory is built. In like manner, the Governor in his cocked hat, and his wife in her train, along with their children, were to be seen of a Sunday afternoon on parade, followed at a respectful distance by the inferior officers, with their wives and families; while the alleys were bordered by old salts, holding talk of the Nore, the Baltic, and the Nile, with holiday visitors from town, who nodded and curtsied, and enjoyed the sight of the upper classes in the park. The fashion was set by George III. and Queen Charlotte, with their princes and princesses, who took a weekly saunter to delight the eyes of their loyal subjects on the royal terrace at Windsor.

But these social demonstrations were the exceptions in Thirza Holland's lot. Her husband's life of study, or the separate casts of charac-

ter in husband and wife, had caused that Dr. Holland, with all his gifts and graces, should tend more and more to leading the life of a hermit. Thirza, in her isolated circumstances, was intensely faithful to her husband, training her children to devote themselves to their father at a respectful distance; but her household became a small colony of hermits within the Observatory, against the walls of which the tide of life from all quarters of the country and of the world surged up. The Hollands were 'as much hermits as if they had filled rocky cells in Syrian deserts.

But the minute survey of the clock star was a crisis in Dr. Holland's life, which could not be entirely concealed from his family. If he were to equal Flamstead and Halley—in deed, not in fame, for Dr. Holland was guiltless of a feverish craving for fame—he must apply his whole energies, and take endless precautions to avoid proving unsuccessful at this juncture.

Dr. Holland came as usual to drink a four o'clock cup of tea in his wife's drawing-room, not as the introduction, but as the supplement, to his two o'clock dinner. That brown and yellow hung dining-room was a little dark and a little suffy, because those fine, star-gazing eyes shrank from broad daylight, and the watcher, permanently chilled by the night air, was fain to shiver before the fresh breeze which awakes at dawn and sinks to sleep at sunset. Thus the curtains were always half drawn, and the blinds half down, when Dr. Holland honored the scene by his august presence. Moreover, young feet and tongues were hushed to "slipping" and whispering so soon as the steps of the master was heard on the threshold. Therefore, there was danger of the great man's nodding off to slumber, had he not promptly received what he sought, his fragrant cup sugared and creamed to a nicety.

Dr. Holland was in the practice of leaning back in one corner of the settee, as he drank his tea, and making a few languid observations on the weather, on Thirza's having been abroad or having received visitors, on the children's tasks at school or their play in the park. Thirza was in the habit of responding willingly, but with a formality which was growing

upon her. On this occasion the conversation was a little varied.

'I have some particular observations' (he did not stop to tell what observations, or how important they were,) 'to make to-night,' he said. 'Balchelor,' his assistant, 'has been called off to his father's death-bed without previous warning. I might have the help of Deering,' another assistant, 'but he is clumsy, writes a bad hand in taking down notes, and the slightest mistake would be fatal to my calculations. I cannot be at the telescope and at the desk at one and the same moment. I have thought of bespeaking your services on the emergency, Thirza,' he proposed anxiously; 'I observe that you write a clear hand in you receipts and day-books which come across me, and I know you are exact—for a woman.'

Thirza smiled a little at the idea of Dr. Holland having remarked her writing in her receipts and day-books—he who could not tell how a dish was cooked or when a house account was paid—but she acknowledged his compliment.

'I am very much uplifted by your praise of my hand-writing, Doctor,'—she addressed him 'Doctor' in the old fashion. 'Let me see, can I be your clerk to-night?' and then Thirza paused, for a rush of set avocations crowded into the martinet mind. This was the appointed evening on which she should write to her sole surviving aunt. As this night fell, she arranged her work-table for the week's work. She had put apart this night for her annual pickling of walnuts. Thirza's character inclined to run in one groove, and she had so long complied with the inclination, that it was a painful wrench for her to be plucked out of this groove, to have her established plans upset, and new and uncalculated duties substituted for these plans.

'If there is any obstacle, never mind,' exclaimed Dr. Holland, drily, secretly chafing, not at his wife's dutifulness, but at her want of sympathy, her equal but not obliging temper.

However, Thirza had got time to consider, and had thought better of it.

'I am at your service, Doctor,' she said with so much decision, that not

only was he surprised at the tone, but she was surprised at it herself.

'Thank you, I am glad of that,' he answered, still a little shortly, 'for the least accident puts me out in my work. I left a paper lying about some weeks ago, and I find I have lost what I shall never be able to replace.'

She looked up at him quickly, but before she could speak, one of her sons entered the room, as it sounded to her, noisily. She turned immediately.

'Have I not told you, Ned, to let yourself cool down after you are heated, dismiss that flurry, and not move with a clatter? Why, how is this? It is four o'clock, and you have not fetched your books, to be ready for your tutor; neither has your sister Fanny returned from Mrs. Dyer's. I cannot allow you children to be so careless in your ways.'

'We are only ten minutes behind time,' replied the lad frankly; 'and I see Fankin cutting across the park, mother.'

"Fanny," not "Fankin," since you and she are fast arriving at years of discretion,' corrected Mrs. Holland, solemnly; 'and I should say "walking," not "cutting," would be the proper term, if you wish to pay respect to your father and me, by speaking correctly in our presence. Ten minutes are ten minutes, and I shall desire you to beg Mr. Bartholomew to stay just so many minutes more over your Latin verses. As for Fanny, if she has forgotten her reticule—as I think I can detect she has—she must recross to Mrs. Dyer's and back again, before supper.'

Dr. Holland could not help listening a little discontentedly. His Thirza was a slave to punctilio of every description. It must be irksome to the children, he thought, as it was to him. Regarding it to-night in his state of restlessness, it seemed to him that he had been dreadfully bored by Thirza's priggishness, that his well-managed house and well brought-up children formed portions of a piece of stiff mechanism. The clock-work routine was galling and wearisome. At this moment he stretched himself in spirit and gasped longingly for liberty, even to snatch a meal when he was hungry, and a draught when he was thirsty,

to go out and come in at what hours he pleased, to see children making havoc with the household goods, racing through the house and roaming through the park and the country at large. He was sufficiently sane to know that the wish was a delusion. He was a gentleman at heart, and it fretted him as much as it fretted Thirza, when, through neglect, he failed in deference to the mistress of his house. He still remembered how proudly her kinsfolk had told him that, in giving her to him, they were not afraid of her, though she was so young. Thirza was likewise so prudent, careful, and kind. She would conduct the government of his house discreetly; his home would be safe in her keeping. He had pledged himself in return to do what he could to promote the success of Thirza's house-keeping. Thirza had not forfeited her kinsfolk's bond for her. More than that, he knew in his secret heart that order was good, was best. He was satisfied that it had saved him treasures of time, strength, and worldly means; that his good children would yet live to thank their mother—who was their dear friend, as well as their mother—for the strictness of her integrity. Only this night the man's nature, in a ferment, rose up against the yoke.

Punctually before the hour, when the clock-star was expected to rise in force, Mrs. Holland joined her husband in his working-room in the observatory. He had had no reason to apprehend that she would be ten minutes too late. It was so long since Thirza had been there with Dr. Holland, that the litter of gun-like telescopes, compasses, and charts, over which she had no control, was strange to her; and the feeling of being among them with her husband was different from that of having him with her in her drawing-room, where she was mistress and queen. In nursery and kitchen, and to a certain extent, also in the dining-room, she was the presiding genius. But these upper rooms were his territories, though his power there was not absolute, for he grappled on that ground with grand possibilities and infinite laws, as if he stretched a hand, trembling in its reverent daring, to the roots of the world's growth, whose network of

extreme twigs alone Thirza's assured hand kept from ravelling. Her calling was a small one matched with his, which humbled while it ennobled him. As for hers, if she could not look above and beyond it, it must dwarf her.

When Thirza had been with Dr. Holland to view his field of the sky long ago, she had always been so divided in heart and spirit, so weighed down with some of her household burdens of children and servants, that the lesson which she might have learnt, had been lost to her. Now she was at least mistress of herself and her work. She knew what she could do. Doubt and fear had vanished largely from her housekeeping horizon, and though in her very devotion she had narrowed that horizon, still by the uprightness with which she had discharged its functions she had acquired the same fruitful consciousness that pursued her husband in every branch and stage of his labors—the consciousness of what she had not been able to do.

The weather was propitiously fine, and the moon, nearly full in the unclouded sky, shone down on the clumps and long rows of trees in the park. It silvered the darkness of the cupolas of the Hospital, glinted on the river, with black lines of masts athwart the path of light, and revealed a new world of beauty. That world was more familiar and more homelike to the spirit of the Doctor than the bright, variegated world of day, but he was sensible of the impression produced on Thirza as well as gratified by it. He had begun to discredit her susceptibility to such impressions. Now, he not only cast his unbelief to the winds, but his own spirit thrilled in unison with hers. The night and the mystery of life was in the night-world from which the hum of the great city in the distance had died out so that the faint chirp and rustle of a wakeful bird could be heard, breaking the silence.

The life of the couple standing together there and witnessing the scene, passed before their minds, and especially that in it which belonged equally to both—their love in its first sweetness. It had not been all which it might have been, but nothing else could have taken its place. Surely, it

had been after all, a mainstay and staff of life to the two, though they had gone their several ways and diverged somewhat from each other since the hour when they had come together.

'The moon looks as it used to do at Barley Lane, Giles,' said Thirza, falteringly, dropping the 'Doctor,' and referring to the village in which she had spent her youth, and where he had sought and won her.

'Should it look anything else than its old self, my wife?' demanded he, with a man's attempt at jocularity, in all circumstances, but with a deeper meaning under the jocularity.

'I cannot say how that may be, but I am sure I have not seen such a moon since you and I were at Tunbridge,' continued Thirza. Her sentence reminded him of the occasion of their visit, the loss of the little baby, which had at the time overwhelmed the father more than the mother, on whose breast no baby lay, so that she had turned and comforted him. The couple had gone for a week's change to Tunbridge Wells, and in the gentle sadness of their mourning, had been kept apart from the gay company, with no want of words and thoughts between them. Only the husband and wife could not remain permanently at Tunbridge. They were bound to return, the one to his stars and telescopes, the other to her remaining children and housekeeping. Thus the season had slipped out of their hands, and Giles and Thirza Holland had relapsed into their old separate ruts.

'Yet it is the same moon all the while, my dear,' he pressed, still half jocularly, but with a yearning fondness in the jocularity.

'Giles, I must not make you talk of the moon, when you should be looking at your star,' exclaimed Thirza, starting up.

He laughed at this. 'I am always safe with you; but I have not forgotten—I could not forget to-night, of all nights—my star, which is not notified for three minutes yet. I can depend upon her keeping her time, as upon you; though ladies are proverbially unpunctual, such has not been my lucky experience. But listen, Thirza.'

He spent the three minutes in explaining to her what he had antici-

pated this examination of the transit of the clock-star might be to him; and to his gratification, his wife, for the first time, followed him closely with bated breath and wondering attention; and though she was stimulated, she was not shaken. She seated herself at the desk as he took his place at the telescope; heard the announcement of the star's appearance; and from that second to the second of the star's setting, she wrote down every one of his brief communications, without requiring them to be repeated, not swerving in a single sign, and inscribing each so legibly that he who ran might read.

Dr. Holland rose from the telescope with a damp brow, and a lip quivering with eagerness, as he sprang like a lad across the room to examine the result. Her hand began only then to tremble, and her lips fell apart as she handed him the paper. Standing with clasped hands, and head inclined a little to one side, she waited for his judgment on her work, her thin, freckled face flushing up under its delicately fresh lace-cap, and looking wonderfully young and pretty again, if he had only had time to remark upon it.

He bent his brows as he read; his face grew dark with vexation. She could bear the uncertainty no longer.

'Giles, Giles, have I done anything wrong? Have I spoiled the work which you entrusted to me?' And the particular and prim lady actually wrung her hands.

'Not you, not you,' he groaned; 'but there is a point which could only be verified by the contents of that paper which I lost weeks ago, and I shall not have another opportunity of replacing it: for the calculations were made on the last sight of one of the stars which pass out of sight in our sky for long intervals. I shall not have another opportunity, Thirza, for 200 years.'

In the sharpness of his need for pity, he did not see the ludicrous side of his words, neither did she; for her face was in a glow of tender triumph.

'O! dear Giles, I am so proud that I can help you at last. In case of such a catastrophe as this, I have had all the torn scraps of paper which were left in your room gathered, sorted, and laid aside, ever since I came

here. I went to the drawer after you spoke to me this afternoon, and I found a paper answering in date to that which you have lost,' she said, drawing a paper from her pocket-book and placing it before his greedy eyes. 'I meant to give it to you as soon as the night's work was done, though I did not guess that the paper was of such moment. Ah! I am glad now that I have been the careful housekeeper that my dear old aunts taught me to be.'

'Housekeeper!' cried hoarsely the inconsistent but sincere man, 'you are a guardian angel! Your creaturely order and care are on the model of the divine order and fidelity. My dearest Thirza, you have saved my usefulness. Every astronomer in Europe of this or after ages, ay, all the plain men who go down to the sea in ships, with their wives and children, whose lives hang on the husbands' and fathers' lives, owe to your principle in housekeeping that what ability and learning I possess, have not been all in vain.'

That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store,
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"There is nothing," said Plato, "so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth." For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

One's own! What a charm there is in the words! How long it takes boy and man to find out their worth! How fast most of us hold on to them! faster and more jealously the nearer we are to the general home, into which we can take nothing, but must go naked as we came into the world. When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the one single use of things which we call our own, is that they may be his who hath need of them?—*Thomas Hughes.*

HOLY DAYS IN MARCH.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MARCH 25.

In Paradise the serpent deceived the woman, and wrought her fall, and through her the fall of the race. Upon her and her seed the curse rested. But as the unhappy pair were driven from Eden, the mercy of God was disclosed in the first prophecy—that the woman's seed should bruise the head of the serpent. Isaiah repeated the prediction: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." And again: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever."

At length, in the fulness of time, to a maid in poverty and obscurity, though a lineal descendant of David, comes a message from God through an angel, that she is the one chosen to receive the highest honor ever bestowed upon a mortal—to be the instrument through whom God is to become incarnate: "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee." "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God. And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David. And He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end,"

The heavenly announcement is received in humility and faith: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." Says an old writer: "The Blessed Virgin was most excellently disposed to receive the greatest honor that ever was done to the daughters of men, her employment being holy and pious, her body chaste, her soul adorned with all virtues, particularly with humility, which is, in the sight of God, of great price; for though she was to be the mother of an universal and everlasting Blessing, which all former ages had desired, and all future times should rejoice in, yet she resigns all this glory to Him that gave it her, and declares whence she received it, that no other name but His might have the glory."—(Nelson.)

Mary is sometimes styled the Mother of God. It is equivalent to the words of Elizabeth: "And whence is this that the mother of my Lord should come unto me?" and by no means implies that she was the mother of our Lord's divinity. But as the Son of God, who was from all eternity, stooped to become man through the instrumentality of the Blessed Virgin, she was thus the mother of Jesus Christ, who is God.

Of the Sundays in Lent, the Fifth is sometimes called PASSION SUNDAY, as the services of that day begin to turn the attention of the penitent, who has been considering and bemoaning his transgressions, to the Passion of our Lord, through which alone sins are forgiven.

Our Lord entered Jerusalem on the first day of the week, a great multitude going before and following Him, bearing palm branches, and crying "Blessed is He that cometh in

the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest!" This day hence receives the name of **PALM SUNDAY**. This was the day on which the paschal lambs were driven into Jerusalem, and it was but fit that the *true* Paschal Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world should enter the city then.

This is the first day of the Holy Week—the Great or Passion Week, as it is sometimes called; and as it will be found a most profitable exercise to follow the events of that week, day by day, and make them, as they occur, a theme for meditation, we will give a brief synopsis of them.

Having entered the city, the Lord proceeded at once to the Temple, where He wrought several miracles; granted an interview to the devout Greeks who desired to see Him; cast out the buyers and sellers and money-changers from the Temple; heard the voice from heaven in response to His prayer; and in the evening retired to Bethany with the Twelve.

On **MONDAY**, returning from Bethany, He cursed the barren fig-tree, thus symbolizing the doom of the Jewish nation—abounding in leaves of promise, but barren of fruit. In the Temple He again found the buyers and sellers, whom He again drove out, and would not suffer any one to bear any vessel through the sacred edifice. In the evening He again retired with the Twelve to Bethany.

On **TUESDAY**, returning to Jerusalem, the Disciples notice the fig-tree which their Master had cursed. Entering into the Temple, a deputation from the Sanhedrim demanded on what authority He acted. His reply, asking on what authority John the Baptist acted, exposed their hypocrisy. Continuing His teaching, He related the parable of the two sons, of the husbandmen and the vineyard,

and of the wedding feast. The Pharisees and Herodians now endeavor to entangle Him in His talk, propounding questions in regard to the tribute-money, and the law of marriage in the future state. He also answered the lawyer's question in regard to the great commandment of the law. The Lord now turns upon His questioners, and confounds them by inquiring if Christ is David's son, how does David call him Lord? The poor widow who cast her mite into the treasury, is commended. As now the rulers had rejected Christ, He utters those severe denunciations recorded in Matt. xxiii., and bemoans the fate of Jerusalem. As He leaves the Temple, the Disciples speak of its magnificence. He then more plainly declares its destruction, and proceeding to the Mount of Olives, utters the prophecy with regard to Jerusalem's overthrow and the end of the world. Proceeding thence to Bethany, on the way He relates the parable of the ten virgins and of the talents, and discourses of His betrayal and crucifixion. The night is spent at the house of Simon the leper, where the penitent woman anoints His head.

WEDNESDAY was spent on the Mount of Olives, and in the garden of Gethsemane. It was the time when, according to the law, leaven was to be put out of the houses. Judas, the traitor, was now put away from the band of the Apostles. Our Lord, at supper, washed the feet of His Disciples, and then prophesied His betrayal. Judas went out, and covenanted to deliver his Master to the rulers. On this occasion He delivered those touching discourses recorded in St. John xiii., xiv.; foretold that He should be denied by Peter, and deserted by them all.

According to the law of the Pass-

over, the victim was to be slain on the fourteenth day of the month Nisan, before the evening. But it might be eaten at any time between the evening of that and the following day. Due preparations were accordingly made by the Disciples on THURSDAY, on the evening of which day, at the earliest hour allowed by the law, our Lord and His Disciples proceeded to commemorate the feast. Here He repeated His warning about the betrayal, and pointed out Judas as the traitor. When the third cup of wine was passed, called "the Cup of Blessing," He instituted the Holy Sacrament. His language on this occasion is recorded in St. John xv., xvi., xvii. Having sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives, where, in Gethsemane, the Lord endured His hour of bitter agony. Meanwhile, guided by the traitor Judas, the officers and a great multitude proceeded to the place, and our Lord was given into the hands of His murderers. Peter in his zeal smote off Malchus's ear, but with the other Disciples fled. Jesus was now led to Jerusalem (Peter and John following in the distance), first to the house of Annas, who questioned Him. Declining to reply, He was smitten by one of the officers, and then was led to Caiaphas, the high priest. Peter having been charged with being Jesus' Disciple, now made his first denial.

On FRIDAY, in the hall of Caiaphas, the Lord is accused by false witnesses, to whose charges He answers nothing until put upon His oath by the high priest, when He confesses that He is the Christ. Upon this He is condemned to death as guilty of blasphemy. Now occurred the second and third denial of Peter, and the Lord was delivered over to the insults and mockery of the soldiers.

The Jews having no authority to crucify the Victim, He is led to Pilate, who comes out of his house to examine Jesus. Satisfied that the Accused has no designs against the Roman government, he declares his own conviction of His innocence; but learning that He is a Galilean, he sends Him to Herod, who, questioning Him and receiving no answer, remands Him, arrayed in a robe of mockery, to Pilate. Pilate again pronounces Jesus innocent, and proposes to release Him; but overcome by the persistency of the multitude, he washes his hands in token of his refusal to take the responsibility, and delivers Him to the rulers, who invoke the curse of the innocent blood upon themselves and their children. It was now about six o'clock in the morning. Jesus is led back to the judgment-hall again, to undergo mockery and insult. Meantime Judas, repenting of his treachery, casts his money at the feet of the Sanhedrim, and goes out to hang himself. From the judgment-hall Jesus is conducted to Calvary. Under the twelve hours of intense suffering, the human nature of our Lord sinks; and after bearing His cross a little way, it is laid upon the shoulders of Simon the Cyrenian. A multitude follow, some of whom bewail Him. At the third hour—precisely the hour when the lamb of the daily sacrifice was offered in the Temple—our Lord is nailed to the cross, enduring the mockery of the soldiers and the people until the sixth hour, when a supernatural darkness comes upon the land, continuing for three hours. At the expiration of that time, the ninth hour, or three o'clock in the afternoon, precisely at the time when the lamb of the evening sacrifice was offered in the Temple, our Lord expired. The veil of the Temple was rent,

the earth quaked, and centurion and soldiers acknowledged that Jesus was the Son of God. And now, as the evening, the beginning of the Sabbath, drew on, the legs of the malefactors, but not of Jesus, were broken, but His side was pierced. Joseph of Arimathea bore the body to his own new tomb. The holy women lingered near to see where the body was laid, and then retired to the city, to rest on the Sabbath.

SATURDAY was the Paschal Sabbath. At evening the chief priests and Pharisees obtained from Pilate a guard, and set a watch at the sepulchre. Meanwhile John, and Mary, the mother of James, and Mary Magdalene, and Salomé, prepared spices for embalming the body.

On SUNDAY, very early, an angel descended, and rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. There was an earthquake, and the guards fled. At sunrise the women came with preparations for embalming, but the body was not there. Mary Magdalene fled to tell Peter and John. The other women, looking in, saw an angel, who announced to them the Resurrection, and bade them convey the tidings to the Disci-

ples. Peter and John immediately hastened to the spot, and found the grave-clothes in the empty tomb. Mary remained weeping; and turning to leave, Jesus appeared to her, and sent a message by her to the Disciples. She goes, and meeting Mary and Salomé, our Lord encounters all these, and discloses Himself to them. Other women coming later to the sepulchre, see a vision of angels, who remind them of our Lord's words, spoken while in Galilee. Tidings of these things reach the Apostles, who regard them as idle dreams. Meantime the soldiers relate what they had witnessed to the High Priests, who bribe them to declare that the body of Jesus was stolen while they slept. In the afternoon two of the Disciples, on the way to Emmaus, are overtaken by the Lord, who converses with them, and discloses Himself in breaking bread, as He had done at the Last Supper. Later in the evening, the two Disciples meet their brethren at Jerusalem, in a room—the doors of which were fastened, for fear of the Jews—and while relating the occurrences of the day, the Lord suddenly appears, and convinces them of the reality of His Resurrection.

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

He is Denied.

Text to be Learned: WHOSOEVER THEREFORE SHALL CONFESS ME BEFORE MEN, HIM WILL I CONFESS ALSO, BEFORE MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN. St. Matthew x. 32.

THE LESSON—St. John xviii. 15-18, 25-27.

15. And Simon Peter followed Jesus, and *so did* another disciple. That disciple was known unto the high priest, and went in with Jesus, into the palace of the high priest.

16. But Peter stood at the door without. Then went out that other disciple which was known unto the high priest, and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter.

17. Then saith the damsel that kept the door unto Peter, Art not thou also *one* of this man's disciples? He saith, I am not.

18. And the servants and officers stood there, who had made a fire of coals; (for it

was cold) and they warmed themselves: and Peter stood with them, and warmed himself.

25. And Simon Peter stood and warmed himself. They said therefore unto him, Art not thou also one of his disciples? He denied it, and said, I am not.

26. One of the servants of the high priest (being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off) saith, Did not I see thee in the garden with him?

27. Peter then denied again, and immediately the cock crew.

On the evening before the feast of the Passover, when our Lord was at supper with the Twelve, Peter, protesting his devotion to his Master, said "I will lay down my life for Thy sake." Jesus answered him: "Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice." On the following evening after the paschal supper, when the hymn had been sung, our Lord arose, and with His Disciples went towards Gethsemane. On their way, He warned them that they all would be offended and forsake Him. Peter replied "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." And again: "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee."

And now the hour of trial came. The officers had arrested Jesus; His Disciples had forsaken Him, and fled; Peter and John only lingering in the distance, to watch the fate of Him whose perils they were too cowardly to share. The Innocent One is conveyed to the city, and brought to the house of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas. John was known to Annas, and entered the hall with Jesus, while Peter remained standing without. John, however, intercedes with the doorkeeper, and Peter is admitted. As he enters, she asks him "Art not thou also one of His Disciples?" Peter, who but a short time before had, with drawn sword, faced a multitude in defence of his Master, is now so ashamed of that Master that he dare not own Him be-

fore a maid-servant, but denies Him. Annas was not high priest that year. He bore the title through courtesy only, having filled that office the year before. Caiaphas was the actual high priest, and to him Jesus is sent, bound. Within the hall, the servants and officers are gathered around a fire of coals, and Peter stands among them. What would they have thought of him had he confessed that he believed that bound Culprit to be the Son of God? They charged him with being a Disciple, and from mere shame he denied it. Still concerned in the fate of Jesus—but not so deeply bowed with grief but that he could, even in that hour, think of his own comfort—he stands by the fire with the servants and officers. Again he is charged with being Jesus' Disciple. This time the accusation is made by a kinsman of Malchus, whose ear he had cut off. "Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man" (Matt. xxvi. 74). Immediately the cock crew, and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, "and he went out and wept bitterly."

We never thoroughly know ourselves. Trial proves what we are. Peter was honest in his protestations of attachment and devotion. He no doubt really and deeply felt what his words expressed when he offered to die for Jesus, rather than deny Him. Yes, he felt all this, and on that very account reckoned himself secure. He trusted his feelings. But trial only could prove what he was. Put to the test, he failed. Let us heed the lesson.

QUESTIONS.

1. When John entered the hall, where was Peter? Standing without at the door?
2. How did he obtain admittance? Through the influence of John.
3. What did the maid who kept the door say to Peter? Verse 17.
4. What did Peter reply? Verse 17.

5. Among whom was Peter standing by the fire? The servants and officers.

6. What did they ask, and what did Peter reply? Verse 25.

7. What did the servant of the high Priest say to Peter? Verse 26.

8. What did Peter do? Verse 27.

9. What prediction of our Lord was thus fulfilled? Chapter xiii. 8.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

10. Who was that other Disciple who with Peter followed Jesus? John, who in his Gospel seldom mentions his own name, but modestly withholds it.

11. Who was the high priest to whose house Jesus was led? Annas?

12. Was he the real high priest at that time? No, but that title was given to him because he had been high priest the year before. The real high priest that year was his son-in-law, Caiaphas.

THE COLLECT.

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon Thy people; that by Thy great goodness they may be governed and preserved evermore, both in body and soul, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

And I pray unto God that He will send us all things that are needful, both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers, both of soul and body; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our spiritual enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say Amen, So be it.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

He is Tried by the Jewish Council.

Text to be Learned: FOR CONSIDER HIM THAT ENDURED SUCH CONTRADICTION OF SINNERS AGAINST HIMSELF, LEST YE BE WEARIED AND FAINT IN YOUR MINDS. Heb. xii. 3.

THE LESSON—St. Mark xiv. 53, 55–65.

53. And they led Jesus away to the high priest: and with him were assembled all the chief priests, and the elders, and the scribes.

55. And the chief priests, and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found none.

56. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together.

57. And there arose certain, and bare false witness against him, saying,

58. We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands.

59. But neither so did their witness agree together.

60. And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee?

61. But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?

62. And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

63. Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What need we any further witnesses?

64. Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.

65. And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophecy: and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.

Jesus was led from the hall of Annas to that of his son-in-law, Caiaphas, who was acting high priest that

year. Here by the charcoal fire, the only light in the place, Peter had stood in company with the soldiers

and servants, and denied his Master, and then gone out and wept bitterly. At the upper end of the hall were assembled the chief priests and elders and scribes, and before them was the Prisoner in chains. He was put upon His trial, and witnesses were sought. None came that could bring evidence sufficient to convict: for they were false witnesses, and their testimony did not agree. So that after all the efforts that had been made to secure His conviction, it seemed for awhile as though they who thirsted for His blood would be compelled to set Him free; for the law required the testimony of at least two witnesses, who should agree. At length two were found who asserted that they had heard Jesus say "I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." He had indeed, early in His ministry, used language resembling this. He had said, speaking of His own body, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up" (St. John ii. 19). But these were false witnesses, because they perverted his words, giving them a meaning which He had not designed to convey. But even the testimony of these two did not agree. Meantime our Lord uttered not a word in His own defence. And why should He? He knew the hearts of His accusers. They had resolved upon His death, and all that He could say in his own defence would be of no avail. The high priest now rose from his seat, and demanded what He had to say in reply to the charges made against Him. Jesus still is silent. There remained one way, however, to open His lips. Jesus is put upon His oath. There are those who maintain that it is unlawful for a Christian man to give testimony in a court of justice upon his oath. But He who

said "Swear not at all," when the high priest rose, and in the judicial form of that day demanded "I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us plainly whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God," immediately responded "I am." But He did not stop here. He added "the whole truth"; He quotes, as about to be fulfilled in Himself, the words of Daniel (vii. 13, 14), "I saw in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people and nations and languages should serve Him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." These words, the Sanhedrim well knew, referred to the Messiah. Our Lord therefore quotes them in part: "Ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." The declaration seems to have filled the high priest with horror. He rends his clothes, and exclaims "What need we any further witness? Ye have heard His blasphemy. What think ye?" The reply is that His offence deserves to be punished with death; "He is guilty of death." 700 years before this time the prophet Isaiah had uttered the words "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. I hid not my face from shame and spitting." And now the Evangelist records the fulfilment: "And some began to spit on Him, and to cover His face, and to buffet Him, and to say prophecy; and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands."

QUESTIONS.

1. Who were assembled with the high priest in the hall of Caiaphas? Verse 53.
2. What was this court, or council, called? The Sanhedrim.
3. Why did this Sanhedrim seek for witness against Jesus? To put Him to death.
4. Why did not the testimony of the false witnesses answer? Because they agreed not together.
5. What did the witnesses at length charge against Him? Verse 58.
6. What had Jesus actually said? That if the temple of His body was destroyed, He would raise it up in three days.
7. But did the witnesses agree about this? Verse 59.
8. What did the high priest ask Jesus? Verse 60.
9. Did Jesus make any answer? Verse 60.
10. What did the high priest then ask Him? "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?"
11. What did Jesus reply? Verse 62.
12. What did the high priest call this language? Blasphemy.
13. What does "guilty of death" mean? Guilty of a crime which deserves the punishment of death.
14. How did the multitude treat the Saviour? Verse 65.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

15. What was the Jewish law in regard to the testimony of witnesses? "At the mouth of two witnesses, or three witnesses, shall he that is worthy of death be put to death; but at the mouth of one witness, he shall not be put to death" (Deut. xvii. 6).
16. Jesus at first did not answer the high priest. To what did he at length reply? St. Matthew says (xxvi. 63) "And the high priest answered, and said, I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God."
17. What was the purport of these words? They were the form of the oath.
18. What are we to learn from this? That though all forms of profaneness are forbidden, yet it is right for a Christian man, in a court of justice, to confirm his testimony by a judicial oath.
19. Read Article XXXIX. "Of a Christian Man's Oath."

THE COLLECT.

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon Thy people; that by Thy great goodness they may be governed and preserved evermore, both in body and soul, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CATECHISM.

Question. How many Sacraments hath Christ ordained in His Church?

Answer. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation—that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

Q. What meanest thou by this word "Sacrament"?

A. I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us; ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

Q. How many parts are there in a Sacrament?

A. Two; the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

He suffers under Pontius Pilate.

Text to be Learned: LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH; WHO, FOR THE JOY THAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM, ENDURED THE CROSS, DESPISING THE SHAME, AND IS SET DOWN AT THE RIGHT HAND OF THE THRONE OF GOD. Heb. xii. 2.

THE LESSON—St. Luke xxiii. 13–26, 33.

13. And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests, and the rulers, and the people,

14. Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and behold, I having examined *him* before you, have found no fault in this man, touching those things whereof ye accuse him;

15. No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him:

16. I will therefore chastise him, and release *him*.

17. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)

18. And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this *man*, and release unto us Barabbas:

19. (Who, for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)

20. Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them.

21. But they cried, saying, Crucify *him*, crucify him.

22. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let *him* go.

23. And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified: and the voices of them, and of the chief priests prevailed.

24. And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required.

25. And he released unto them him, that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will.

26. And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear *it* after Jesus.

33. And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors; one on the right hand and the other on the left.

Jesus having been sent back from Herod, was again committed to the hands of Pilate, who, to appease the enemies of Jesus, proposed first to chastise, and then, as was customary at the time of the Passover, to release Him. But the Jews shouted "Not this Man, but Barabbas." Not the Mah whom they had endeavored, but failed, to convict of a crime which Pilate would be bound to punish—not this Man, but a man who had been tried and convicted for robbery, sedition, and murder, must be let go, that the Innocent One might be condemned. Again Pilate plead for the life of Jesus, but still the clamor grew louder "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" A third time he pronounced Jesus innocent, and begged them to be satisfied with the chastisement which he would inflict. Some particulars not recorded by St. Luke, we find in St. John's Gospel. Pilate scourged Jesus, and then arraying Him in the robe which Herod had put upon Him, placed Him

before His accusers, in the hope, doubtless, that seeing the sufferings of One whom in their hearts they knew to be innocent (for Pilate "knew that for envy they had delivered Him"), they might be moved to compassion. But the cry for His crucifixion was more vehement still. Pilate, endeavoring to evade the responsibility, bade them take Him and crucify Him. But they had no right to crucify any one; though by their law He ought to die, for He claimed to be the Son of God. At this Pilate trembled, for his wife had conveyed to him a warning she had received from heaven. And now the Governor again questions Him as to His mission, and, it would appear, fully determined to release Him. But he was reminded that, Jesus claiming to be a King, if he released that Man, he was chargeable with being in league with the Enemy of Cæsar. And now the cowardly Pilate, who saw what was just, and desired to do it, yields to a popular clamor, and

appeasing his conscience by the empty ceremony of washing his hands, in token of his innocence, he delivers the Holy One and the Just to His murderers. Jesus is led away to Calvary, followed by Simon, a Cyrenian, who bears His cross when the Convicted One sinks under the burden. Arrived at the appointed spot, the cross is reared, and with a thief on either hand, the Son of God is crucified for the sin of the world.

QUESTIONS.

1. Did Pilate believe Jesus to be guilty of any crime? No, for he said "I have found no fault in this Man."
2. What did Pilate propose to do with Jesus? Verse 16.
3. What did they all cry out? Verse 18.
4. Who was Barabbas? Verse 19.
5. When Pilate tried again to release Jesus, what did they cry? "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"
6. What did Pilate say to them the third time? Verse 22.
7. What did he finally do? Verses 24, 25.
8. Who, coming after our Lord, bore His cross? Verse 26.
9. At what place was Christ crucified? At Calvary.
10. Where is Calvary? A little east of Jerusalem.
11. Who were crucified with our Lord? Two malefactors—one on the right hand, and one on the left.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

12. For what crime did the Jews condemn our Lord to death? For blasphemy.
13. What was the punishment for blasphemy? Stoning to death (Lev. xxiv. 16).
14. Where do we find in the New Testament an instance of the infliction of this punishment? In Acts vii. 59. Stephen was thus put to death.
15. Why, then, was not this punishment inflicted upon Jesus? Because His enemies wished to have Him die in disgrace. They therefore would put upon Him the punishment which the meanest culprits suffered.
16. It is said that when Jesus was led away to Calvary, the cross was laid upon Simon, a Cyrenian. And yet St. John says (xix. 17) that Christ bore His own cross. What is the explanation? The Roman law required the culprit to bear his own cross, which Jesus did; but exhausted by His sufferings, He sank under the burden, which was then placed upon Simon.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty and everlasting God, who of Thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility, mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of His resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

Question. What is the outward visible sign or form in Baptism?

Answer. Water, wherein the person is baptized in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace?

A. A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

EASTER DAY.

He Rises from the Dead.

Text to be Learned: NOW IS CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD, AND BECOME THE FIRST FRUITS OF THEM THAT SLEPT. 1 COR. XV. 20.

THE LESSON—St. Luke xxiv. 1-8.

1. Now upon the first *day* of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain *others* with them.

2. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

3. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

4. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments.

5. And as they were afraid, and bowed down *their* faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

6. He is not here, but is risen. Remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

7. Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

8. And they remembered his words.

Mary Magdalene, the other Mary, and Salomé, had been to the tomb very early. There came also the women from Galilee, with spices to embalm the body of the Lord. Seeing the stone rolled away, and supposing that others had arrived before them, they enter, but discover that the body is gone. In their perplexity two angels appear to them. The women bow before the heavenly messengers, who say "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here,

but is risen." The angels then call to mind those memorable words (Matt. xvi. 21; Mark ix. 31) spoken in Galilee, which His followers had heard, but did not at the time understand—that He should be betrayed and put to death, and should rise on the third day. The women, remembering the words, went back to the eleven Apostles and other disciples, and related all that they had seen and heard.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who were "they" and "certain others" referred to in verse 1, who came to the sepulchre early in the morning? They were women from Galilee (Luke xxiii. 25).

2. What did they bring with them? Spices, that they might embalm the body.

3. Had our Lord ever told these women that He should be put to death, and rise on the third day? He had, "but they understood not that saying" (Mark ix. 32).

4. What did they find at the sepulchre? The stone rolled away.

5. What did they do? They entered, but the body of Jesus was not there.

6. Whom did they see? Two men in shining garments.

7. What did these two say to the women? Verses 5-7.

8. On what day of the week did this happen? On the first day of the week, or Sunday.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

9. Was Christ dead three entire days? No. He died on Friday at three o'clock. He remained in the grave on Saturday, and on Sunday, very early, rose from the dead.

10. Who were these two men in shining garments? Angels.

11. What was the first day of the week afterwards called by the Apostles? The Lord's day.

12. How was it kept? In "breaking of bread," or the administration of the Holy Communion, "and prayers."

THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, who through Thine only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life, we humbly beseech Thee that as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

Review the last four lessons.